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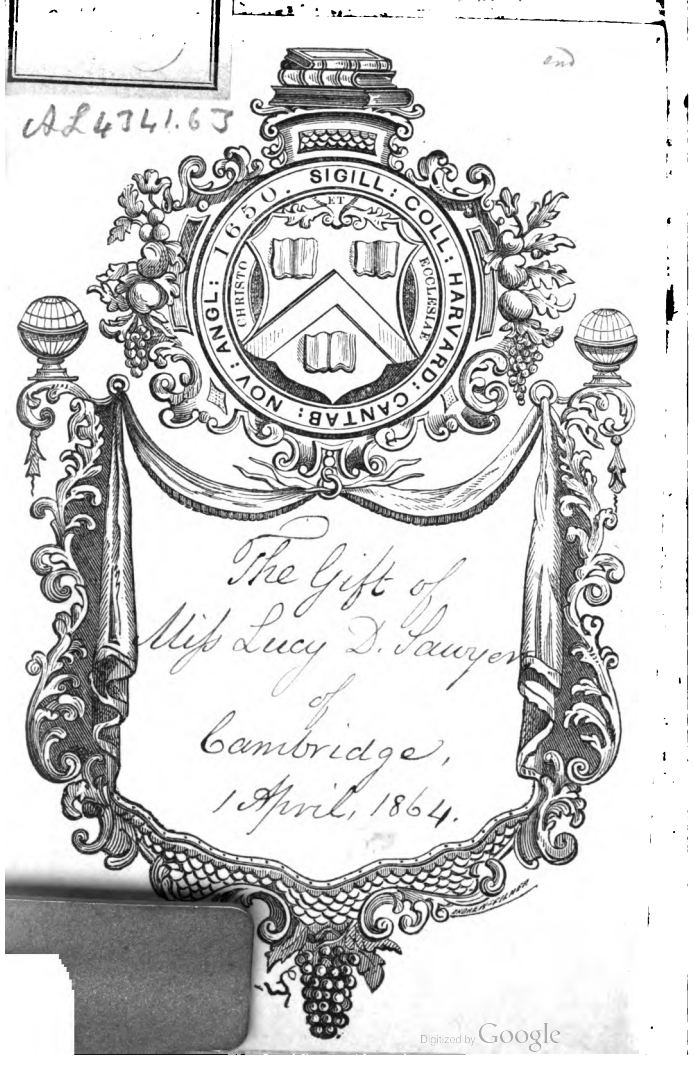

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THE

WIFE FOR A MISSIONARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"LOUISA RALSTON," "THE REFORMATION," &c

THIRD EDITION.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY TRUMAN AND SMITH

1835.

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A 2 4341.63

1864, April 1.
Gift of
Miss Lucy D. Sawyer.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1834,
BY TRUMAN, SMITH & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office for the District of Ohio.

Stereotyped by J. A. James, Cincinnati.

James and Gazlay, Printers,

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THE WIFE FOR A MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

The mail-stage stopped at the end of the lane, and two young men were seen winding their way through the shadowy trees which bordered it, till they reached the summit of a knoll, commanding a fine view of the country for many miles. On the left hand, completely embosomed in a thicket of the graceful black locust and beech, around which clustered many fragrant trees of smaller growth, might now and then be distinguished the beautiful piazza of a spacious and delightful summer residence. 'There is my home,' said the younger of the two; and the brilliancy of his fine eye, and the animation of his countenance told in what deep and hallowed affections all its remembrances were embalmed.

'Truly, it *will* be something of a sacrifice to relinquish such a home as this,' returned his companion; 'how the refinements, com-

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forts and delights of its interior will contrast with the heathenism and wretchedness of the land of your future home. But you know, Frederic, "There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children for the *kingdom of God's* sake, who shall not receive *manifold* more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." Luke 18: 29, 30. A precious promise for you; indeed, *I* should feel it so, had I a home and all its joys to leave.'

Frederic's hand was on the latch of the ample gate, as his friend quoted this comforting text; and as it returned on its deep echoing hinges after they had entered, and the delightful walks and tasteful shrubbery of the enclosure burst full on their view, Frederic thought that he never had realized the kindness and value of the promise this scripture contained as now. The home of his youth had been the home of his ancestors. Three generations had passed from beneath its roof to the grave. It was a spot endeared to him by a thousand fond recollections, and the most precious ties. With occasional repairs

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and remodelling, the old mansion had always worn an air of improvement, while it still retained enough of the antique to be beautiful, and interest the beholder. Cheerfulness seemed to sit on the very threshhold, and to beam as it were from the windows; and comfort, plenty and peace to stand as sentinels, alluring the passer-by to become a sharer in its hospitality.

Frederic had not seen his home since his determination to devote himself to the work of the Lord in foreign lands. He entered, therefore, with all the eagerness and delight of a long-absent child, anticipating the gush of affection and joy which his unexpected arrival would create, and with all the increased interest, which the remembrance, that soon he would never see it more, might be supposed to inspire.

That evening beheld a happy circle. The father had not only consented to the wish of his son to devote himself to a missionary life, but with a holy magnanimity which we seldom see, had said promptly and cheerfully, 'Go, my child; go, and live and die in your

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Master's service.' And as he looked upon his first-born again, he *rejoiced*, that God had called him to so noble a work; and the mother's tender heart, while it yearned over him with the keenness and fullness of maternal feeling, could silently thank her Savior that grace triumphed, and that she was enabled freely to offer up such a sacrifice in so glorious a cause. Even his twin-sister, the lovely Helen, as she fixed her beaming eyes on her fondly-loved brother, seemed to say, by her affectionate cheerfulness, 'you shall find no hindrance in me, brother, in your holy desire to win the wandering back to the fold of Christ. Go: may the Lord bless you. Fain would I go myself, and seek to save those perishing souls for whom Christ died.'

As Frederic looked around on all the loveliness and brightness of his childhood's home, and caught one by one the smiles and glances of affection lavished upon him by all, even down to the rosy, prattling Mary, for a moment the love of worldly comforts and the love of souls struggled within him. But the struggle was short: and he could say,

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'Yes, I can cheerfully forego all these comforts for the approving smile of my Savior, and to be instrumental in saving souls.'

The conversation naturally turned upon Frederic's late determination to devote himself to the work of the Lord among the heathen—to the trials and sacrifices this decision involved, and the consequent importance of due deliberation before undertaking so arduous a work.

'And you, too, Mr. Lacy,' said the father, 'I think contemplate the same employment.'

Mr. Lacy replied in the affirmative.

'Do you go alone?' inquired the old gentleman.

'I cannot say,' said Mr. Lacy, as a slight blush suffused his countenance. 'On that point, I wait the direction and will of Providence. As yet, I know not the place of my destination; in fact, it is but a short time since my choice of a missionary life was fully made, and as yet, I have made no arrangements to secure a companion in this great work.'

Now this was the most natural answer it

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are *most needed.* I care not where I go, if the *Lord* but send me, nor how arduous or self-denying a work he puts into my hands, if he will but give me grace and wisdom to teach me how to do it in the most acceptable manner to himself—the most to his glory, and to save the most souls.'

'Well, my friend, that's the right spirit,' replied the old gentleman. 'Go, and may the Lord bless you: and my son here—I give him up heartily to the same work. I gave him to the work of the Lord before he could lisp the name of father. I made no conditions where he should labor. And now, when the Lord calls for a fulfillment of my pledge, and appoints him to a foreign land, where my eyes may never again see him, nor he be allowed as a comfort and prop in my old age, shall I say, no—I cannot let thee go? Never. I bless the Lord from the depths of my soul, that he has permitted me to train for his use *one* Missionary of the cross of Christ. I have not lived in vain; though I mourn that I have been so worthless, and have done so little, compared with my ability, to glorify God.'

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How delightful it is to find such a hearty consecration of every thing—of person and of treasure, in the blessed service of our Lord and Master! So Everett Lacy thought, as he gazed on the noble features of this good man. His form was dignified and commanding. His manner was truly patriarchal, and his countenance wore the peculiar expression of a meek and quiet spirit—such as we may suppose Moses to have possessed. And the mother of his friend was one of those lovely women, whose first words seem to distil as dew, and whose first affectionate smile wins entire confidence and deep interest. Such a mother will train a precious wife, thought Lacy, and he looked at Helen. Helen Scott was not a beauty, and yet she was peculiarly attractive. Her eye told of deep thought and firm purpose; her complexion was fair and blooming—her open forehead denoted a heart in which you would find no guile, and there was added to all a peculiar sweetness of expression, hallowed by that pensiveness which is the result of a humble and contrite heart.

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There were others in the circle—brothers and sisters—fair, intelligent, happy children. How much knowledge of the worth, the character and influence of a family will a few hours discover to the attentive, discriminating observer!

The observation of one evening impressed Lacy with the belief that he had found one of those rare, consistent families, who are the salt of the earth; whose holy example is a living testimony of the truth of christianity; and as he retired to his chamber for the night, he deeply regretted that the early morning would remove him from farther present acquaintance with the circle which had excited so deep an interest in his mind.

The morning dawned, and he left with many kind wishes on their part, and much reluctance on his own. To their urgent solicitations, he promised a longer stay on his return. The stage rolled heavily along—a tedious day's ride was before him. His stage-companions were uninteresting, and he cared not that they were unsocial. He sunk back

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in the corner, closed his eyes, and gave up without restraint to the train of thought which occurred.

As I said before, a question of deep interest had for some days engrossed many thoughts. The subject had often arisen for deliberation during the prosecution of his studies; and as each collegiate and theological year revolved, it required decision anew.

'Study and a preparation for the great duties of public life are now my object and my duty,' would he say to himself; 'no other pursuit or plans should intrude. The time for serious, careful consideration of this subject will arrive in its place. Till then, begone!'

The question was this; 'shall I choose the partner of my future life *now*, or shall I *postpone*.' Wisdom whispered in the freshman year, Delay; it is absurd, while yet on the threshhold of the temple of science, to waste your strength of thought and feeling on a subject so entirely remote from present grasp.

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In the sophomore year, she whispered again, Delay. Changes of taste and judgment will pass on you in six years. What you are now, you will not be then. What would please and satisfy you now, will not do so then. You will hardly recognize yourself, so great a metamorphose in thought, feeling and purpose will, ere then, have passed over you.

In the junior year, came the identical harrassing point again before him; but wisdom whispered still, Delay; entangle not yourself in such affairs. Your future character will greatly depend on the undivided, faithful devotion of heart, and mind, to your present literary pursuits. Divert yourself now with the castle-building of future domestic life, and farewell to future distinguishing eminence in public literary life, and farewell too to one third, at least, of your future usefulness.

In the senior year, before his mind's eye revolved the momentous subject again; and wisdom said, Is your choice of literary profession yet made? The answer was No.

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He had lately become pious, and was yet wavering between medicine and theology.

Very well, then, replied wisdom, choose one thing at a time. A choice of such deep interest and importance as your future profession in life should be well and firmly settled before you choose a wife. Many a lady whom you might select would not choose *you*, till that matter, so deeply involving *her* future sphere of usefulness, had been settled. Choose your station, then choose a wife that is made to fill it.

As he looked back upon the feelings and the early associations of his college-life, he rejoiced that he had listened to the dictates of wisdom, and had obeyed her prudent counsels. He remembered the lady who pleased him then; how different from his standard now! He looked about over his class-mates. Few, oh *how few!* had followed his prudent steps. Many had been greatly retarded in their literary pursuits by their foolishness; the promising hopes of future eminence they had inspired, were nearly blasted by the comparatively low attainments they had

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made. Others had in the depths of their soul regretted their hasty deliberations and decisions on this subject, and regardless of their pledged honor, had doomed the innocent victims of their folly to the cheerless, rayless life of blasted hope. Some, perhaps, had only bowed beneath the blast, and had outlived the blight of their best affections, while others, withered by morbid sensibility, like the crushed rose, had fallen, and were sleeping in the tomb.

Some who had too much honor to spurn the affections they had gained, bit their lips with the vexation and shame their foolish, boyish choice now aroused, and doomed themselves to a life of repentance, dissatisfaction and disgust. But enough. Everett Lacy left college in high standing, with great hopes in literary, and still greater in matrimonial life!

He chose to become a minister of the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. And as he now looked over the wide world, lying in wickedness, and rejoiced that the Lord had mercifully allowed him to be set

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apart to the holy work of rescuing immortal souls from everlasting death, he rejoiced also that he had been spared in his early college-life, while a stranger to Christ and the hope of the gospel, from any matrimonial engagement to a gay, pretty girl, who might now be only a clog to the wheels of his own spirituality, and a serious incumbrance to his future usefulness.

During the first two years of his theological studies, the same subject often dwelt transiently with him. He would say to himself, 'it is a serious, responsible office to be a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ—it is, if possible, a still greater thing to be a Missionary, and the choice of a Missionary's wife is vastly important. How greatly his usefulness depends on the christian character of his wife! I feel that I cannot make this choice alone. May the Lord direct and guide me. May he grant me a partner after his own heart. I will wait the direction of Providence, and watch its leadings.'

Now, this is a state of feeling approved in the sight of God, and such as every

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Missionary, yea, every christian should possess, when he is looking for the partner of his happiness and usefulness.

A train of thought, naturally growing out of such sentiments, occupied our traveller till he lost himself in a sleep, long and undisturbed. It was night when he entered the city of ——— and once more found himself within the only home he claimed on earth, the hospitable abode of a fondly attached aunt. She was a lady of correct judgment and deep piety; with her he took sweet counsel: to her, as to a mother, he had been accustomed to disclose all his views and feelings, and from the stores of her wisdom, experience and knowledge of the world, he had derived many maxims and opinions which had greatly assisted him in his course through life, and enabled him to avoid many of the faults and indiscretions into which young persons too often fall.

Amid other subjects of deep interest, it was natural he should consult her judgment in the choice of a companion.

'Important results, Everett,' the good

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lady would say, 'depend on that choice. A wife's influence is of incalculable amount in the scale of a Missionary's success. Seek first of all the direction of Heaven in this matter. Weigh well the character and qualifications of the lady you would marry. Ponder on them coolly and rationally before your affections become too much enlisted in her favor. Do not *fall in love*. It is absurd, inconsistent. Do not let your fancy run away with your better judgment; woful consequences would be the result.'

'Much is comprehended in the words, *character and qualifications*, aunt; define them if you please,' said Everett. Mrs. Marshall replied, that they should be looked at in three points of view—*physical, mental and religious*.

'I think,' she added, 'that her *physical education* should be a matter of no small importance to you. If she has been trained like a hot-house plant, when you transplant her into your garden of toil and endurance, she will shrink, like the sensitive flower, from the blast and the chill, and droop and die;

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leaving you to mourn with the blight of your hopes and affections, your want of forethought in the choice. Do not choose a nervous or romantic woman, Everett, as you value your own peace and comfort. She will mar your usefulness continually, though, perhaps, unwittingly, and vex your righteous soul from day to day. She will thwart your benevolent plans, and be a thorn in your flesh which you cannot eradicate; always dying, yet alive to everything.

A Missionary's wife should be *the possessor, naturally, of a firm and sound constitution; well trained, with confirmed habits of useful activity.*

Her mental constitution and qualifications should be of a high order.

The Missionary, in a peculiar manner, needs that his wife should be a help *meet* for him—an intelligent companion. In many hours of perplexity, he needs a *counsellor.* Alone, in a heathen land, if he cannot feel confidence in the judgment and understanding of his wife, where on earth shall he look?

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Desponding, distressed and perplexed, her calm, unbiassed, prudent counsel may prove like cold water to his thirsty soul; he may be comforted, refreshed, and encouraged to go on with zeal and delight in his Master's service. Regarding her own influence among the heathen around her, it is important that she should possess those mental energies which shall entitle her to deference and respect. How frequent and numerous are the situations in the life of a female Missionary, especially during the unavoidable absences of her husband, when she must act not only for herself but for him! Her moral courage and mental capacity must sometimes decide matters of vast moment to the temporal and eternal interests of the heathen. How much earlier might the self-denying, successful labors of the valued Judson and Price have been finished here on earth, but for the lofty soul and ingenious mind of that noble woman, who, like a martyr in the service of her Redeemer, sowed the seeds of her own death, in saving their usefulness to this fallen world!

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As to her *religious* character and qualifications, Everett, I know you coincide with me. You would rather not choose a woman trained in an irreligious family, even though she had travelled a year or two in the path to everlasting life herself. She might be destitute of that peculiar sensitiveness and conscientious strictness on many points, which would be calculated to restrain her from many common inconsistences. She might lead you to relax in spiritual personal religion, instead of provoking you to greater attaiments in holiness, and greater deadness to the world.

Let her standard of piety be high. Let her have been educated in a spiritual nursery, where every plant was watched with tender love to sinners, and jealousy for the honor of the Lord God of Hosts. Let her be the child of parents who have *practically* taught her religion; whose prayers for her holiness and usefulness have been registered in heaven, and will descend in spiritual blessings both on yours and you.

In her character, should be eminently

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combined prudence, consistency and perseverance. Let her possess abundantly that charity, which St. Paul says, in 1 Cor. 12th chap., "suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things; endureth all things."

Be fully assured, also, of one thing: that she earnestly *desires* the missionary work—that she has a heart for it.

Choose such a wife, Everett, and you may go on your way rejoicing; her price will be above rubies.'

'Yes, aunt,' replied Mr. Lacy; 'but where is such a woman to be found? Your beau ideal is too highly colored for real, wayward humanity.'

Mrs. Marshall said she thought not. She candidly believed there were many such ladies.

From his own views and the above, with similar remarks of his aunt, Lacy drew up

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an epitome in his own mind of the character of the lady he would seek as a wife; and there the matter rested.

So deeply had our young friend been absorbed in his studies, and the contemplation of his future life, and labors for the last year, that relaxation of mind and suspension of study during his vacation, seemed necessary to health. It was, therefore, with no reluctance, that he had yielded to the pressing invitations of his class-mates, and promised to some of them a short visit. However, he was not one who would seek his own gratification merely; he took an agency for some benevolent association, and before entering upon its duties, spent two or three weeks with his friends; and thus was enabled to combine usefulness with pleasure.

After a day or two spent in taking sweet counsel with his pious aunt, he repaired to the delightful village of L—, where he found his friend Sommers, anxiously awaiting his arrival. The father of young Sommers was an elderly man of property and influence; a professing christian, and an officer in the church.

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Lacy had often heard of him as devotedly pious, and of the daughters as actively engaged in every good word and work. He was prepared, therefore, from this circumstance, as well as strong friendship for his class-mate, to be interested in the family. The thought occurred—perhaps I may find my *intended companion* here. But he was somewhat surprised on his introduction to two fashionable, gayly dressed young ladies, to find them the same of whose christian virtues he had heard so much. The manners of the eldest were unnatural and studied; she said nothing, did nothing which wore not the appearance of being meted out and prepared for use. When engaged in conversation upon religion, it was only on the externals. She spoke of every thing with a fluency that shut every other mouth, and a lightness which was truly alarming. She talked of benevolent societies, and alluded to her own efforts in their behalf; of self-denials, and the unusual share a sense of duty had led her to impose on herself. Everett Lacy's eye fell on the profusion of curls and the richly

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carved comb which adorned her hair; the laces, and ribbons, and jewels which set off her fair person, and the tale of self-denial was heard as though he heard it not. He turned to Susan; her taciturnity and apparently absorbed interest in other thoughts, gave her, at this time, a tenfold charm in his view. He fancied he discovered a sweetness and pensiveness in her countenance which finely contrasted with the lofty, self-complacent air of her sister. But her dress—his eye rested there again—such fashion and elegance,—how could he reconcile it with deadness to the world and devotion to the interests of his Redeemer's kingdom? How much time and money, how many precious thoughts, said he to himself, have been wasted here. Those precious hours, which might have been so usefully employed in Christ's cause—those powers of mind, given for noble purposes, and debased in their service to a love of dress—that money too, squandered for jewels and other useless decorations, which might have procured so many blessings to immortal souls; what a

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sacrifice at the shrine of vanity! He thought of a remark he had often heard made by his aunt, something to this effect: that those young ladies who dressed themselves so elaborately, and were so lavish of their time and thoughts in curling and braiding their hair, and adorning their persons, were generally the most inattentive and apt to relax into negligence, when they had assumed the cares and more important duties of married life.

So deeply engaged was Everett Lacy in these thoughts, that he seemed not aware of the unexpected and awkward silence which had attended Miss Lucia's recapitulation of her good deeds and charitable offices.

A momentary relief to the embarrassment of all parties was afforded by Mrs. Sommers, who came into the parlor to make those preparations for tea, which the temporary absence of her domestic rendered a necessary office for some of the female members of the family. Lacy was much pained to see this good lady perform those little services in arranging the table, which

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would have been far more becoming in her daughters, while the young ladies themselves, with their soft, jewelled hands, sat by, apparently unconscious of the whole. He was for a moment relieved, when he heard Miss Susan, in whose favor he was somewhat prepossessed, offer, though in a very languid, insincere manner, to assist her mother; but the proffer was made just as the task was completed, and saved the young lady's trouble. He was compelled to admit, in spite of his inclination, that here was certainly a great want of kindness and affection. The mother retreated to the kitchen to engage in still more servile duties, and Miss Lucia and Miss Susan remained to entertain their brother's visitor.

Tea came and went; and the village bell sounded long and loud, as the hour of twilight brought the season for a stated, religious meeting. The mother was deprived of attending, so many duties were upon her at home. But the young ladies, after busying themselves fifteen or twenty minutes in adjusting their bonnets so as not to injure

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the smoothness and glossiness of their beautiful curls, and throwing a loose shawl over their shoulders, were at length ready to accept the proffered attendance of the gentlemen, who had been standing all this time at the door with their hats in their hands.

They reached the sanctuary as the first hymn was reading; but seemed not at all disturbed by a blush or look of anxiety, as they witnessed the interruption and gaze which the bustle of their entrance had excited in every part of the house.

Everett Lacy blushed for himself, and he blushed for them. Oh, vanity! how many are thy wiles, thought he. Perhaps these young ladies were not aware how long vanity had detained them at their toilet, nor how many envious and unholy feelings their showy appearance and haughtiness of manner occasioned, even in the house of God.

The sermon was preparatory to the coming communion-season. The preacher dwelt on the holiness and bliss of heaven, and the requisite preparation in heart and life for an

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admittance there. The heart of Everett Lacy was softened, as the visions of his heavenly home passed before him, and earth with all its vain thoughts had faded for the moment from his mind, when Lucia Sommers, who was leaning on his arm as they left the church, in a gentle tone questioned him. Her voice recalled his attention, and she repeated her inquiry; 'Did you observe the young lady opposite you?'

'I did not,' was the reply.

'She is called the belle of the place,' said Miss Sommers; 'though I cannot myself think her beautiful. I should have liked your opinion.'

Shocked by the sudden change of thought and feeling which her remark provoked, he replied somewhat carelessly, that he professed to be no judge of beauty.

There was a pause. Miss Sommers felt that her trifling manner was ill-timed, and she said no more. They walked on in silence, till one of the young lady's companions, a giddy, rattling girl, rudely caught her arm, and ran on in such a strain, that

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Lacy's heart sank within him, and he longed to be freed from their company. He was in no mood for conversation when he returned home, and he gladly sought the solitude of his chamber to commune with Him whom he loved. With the early dawn of day, Lacy rose, as was his custom, to indulge in a morning ramble. The dew glistened on every bough, and the birds, as they warbled their morning song, awakened in his heart emotions of love and gratitude to the Creator and Preserver of all. He returned, refreshed, his soul filled with holy love, and prepared with new zeal to enter upon the duties of the day.

Mr. Lacy was somewhat surprised to find neither of the young ladies at breakfast; and the mother, seeming to anticipate a remark upon their absence, observed that they seldom rose so early as to breakfast with the family. As an apology, she said they were young, and young people required more sleep than others. She could never find it in her heart to awaken them when they slept so sweetly; 'for now is their time to enjoy themselves,

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you know,' she added; 'and I let them take all the comfort they can.'

'But I have often thought, mother,' said Henry Sommers, 'that such indulgence *now*, will only render their self-denial in future years more aggravated and more acute. I am persuaded this intended kindness will not increase their ultimate happiness, or indeed the comfort of their future husbands.' And then, as if recollecting that perhaps he had said more than was becoming, he turned to Mr. Lacy,—'how indulgent mothers are!' said he.

'Yes, even to the ruin of their children's happiness and usefulness both, sometimes,' was in his heart; but he had the grace to bow and remain silent. The conversation turned upon other subjects; was interesting and well supported. Mrs. Sommers was a sensible, pleasant and pious woman; her judgment and opinions on most points were superior, but she greatly erred in the education of her children through an overweening and mistaken fondness, which led her to

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consult their present ease and enjoyment, rather than their future good.

It was quite late in the morning when the young ladies made their appearance in the parlor, bearing far stronger proofs of having been a long time communing with their own pretty faces in their mirrors, than with God in their closets.

They sat down to their lace-work, perhaps twenty minutes, then sauntered out among their flowers; gazed a moment at this thing, entered into a long detail of the beauties of that, and then returned to the sofa to rest awhile.

The clock struck eleven, and Lucia started. 'Really, I had forgotten my engagement. I ought to have gone an hour ago. Oh dear, I shall be heartily glad when I am released from this round of duty. I do not feel at all like going out, but I suppose I must,' said she, and she hastened out of the room for her bonnet and shawl.

'Susan explained to her brother and his friend the nature of the engagement, saying it was her week to visit the Infant Charity

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School in the village; and she regretted her sister was so tardy, as it so much deranged the exercises of the school, incommoded the teacher, and she had been detained by some circumstance from punctual attendance on both her preceding days of visitation.

After Lucia's departure, Mr. Lacy repaired to the piano-forte, and looking over a few of the scattered pieces of music which lay upon it, he begged Miss Susan to favor him with a tune, presuming that she played; and added that he was extremely fond of music. She replied, that she played little and very indifferently; but she seated herself at the piano, though with a sort of half determined, hesitating air, which might easily have been interpreted into a reluctance to comply with his request. Her fingers ran over the keys with a skill and gracefulness, which showed, in spite of her assertion, that she was a performer of no mean ability. She played some of the most fashionable airs, and then sung two or three songs; they were sweetly sung—but they were light and trifling, not calculated to

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tune her own heart to praise her Redeemer, and certainly not half as delightful in the ear of her serious friend, as 'one of the songs of Zion.' He ventured to ask her if she played *sacred* music. But she confessed she had paid little attention to it, compared with other music—she had a greater fancy for lively airs. She, however, sang a few hymns and sacred songs, and retired from her seat.

Thus passed the few days of his visit in the Sommers family.

In the private chamber, and in more retired intercourse with his friend Henry, he enjoyed much pleasant conversation and sweet communion on the deeply interesting concerns of Christ's kingdom.

After he had left, he reviewed the occurrences of his visit. He thought of —— to whom he had learned Lucia Sommers was the affianced bride. And as he remembered *her love of dress*, *her want of kindness* in relieving her mother's cares, *her vanity* and display in the house of God, her *levity*, her *reluctance to perform known duty;* in short, the total inconsistency of her conduct as a christian

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professor, he could not but lament the influence which such a wife must necessarily exert in his friend's parish, and on his friend's personal piety. And he said within himself—a *fashionable*, *vain*, *trifling*, *inconsistent* woman will never do for a

MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

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CHAPTER II.

Just as the last rays of the setting sun glittered in their fading beauty, Lacy was told the house before him was the home of Althorp. His portmanteau was hastily dislodged from the stage, as his hand raised the latch of the iron gate, and before the crack of the stageman's whip died on his ear, he was half-way up the gravelled walk that led to the house. 'Here is taste, and wealth enough to gratify it,' thought Lacy, as he cast his eyes on the elegant shrubbery and rare flowers which filled the yard, and then turned to survey the stately mansion before him. He was met on the marble steps by the fervent grasp of his college friend, and ushered in with the strongest expressions of the gratification his presence afforded.

Lacy was surprised at the elegance and evident wealth around him; because, al though he had been intimately acquainted

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with his companion so long a time, no observation or allusion had ever led him to imagine that his friend had been trained in such affluence, and accustomed to such style. But Althorp was a young man of a mind too noble, too enlarged to be forever harping on his own concerns. He was not accustomed to borrow his dignity, or plume his pride among his companions, less favored perhaps in fortune's allotment, by a frequent reference to his father, the judge, the superb style in which things were done at home, and the genteel circle in which he had moved from his childhood. No; his soul would have scorned it: and if no incidental mention of these things had betrayed his rank to Everett Lacy, it was because they were matters of so little moment in his own mind.

It was a precious season to be again with Althorp. Like David and Jonathan, so were their souls knit together. Their tastes, pursuits and opinions were similar even in common things, and on the all-important interests of eternity, connected with redeem-

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ing a fallen world, their souls were also as one. Edward Althorp was one of those happy exceptions in the spiritual nursery of the wealthy christian, where too often carnal things are sown; and how can spiritual be expected in the harvest?

Oh, ye mothers! surrounded by affluence, placed as ye are in a little paradise on earth, and looking forward with hope to a still brighter one in heaven, with how much care should you watch the little immortal nurslings committed to you to be trained in the midst of a wilderness of temptations! If other mothers need grace and wisdom, how much more do ye! If you watch as those that must give account, and bring forward to usefulness and christian eminence the souls of your children, through the snares, and gins, and wiles of the devil, which peculiarly beset their paths, rejoice; for great is your harvest of souls on earth, and great is your reward in heaven.

When Lacy was introduced to Mrs. Althorp, he thought her one of the most dignified and elegant women he had ever met.

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In conversation, he found her mind and sentiments as dignified and lofty as her carriage.

A stranger at first perhaps would view her with a respect and admiration more grave than tender, and her superior manner might, for the moment, embarrass him; but when she smiled, and the soft, sweet expression of her eye was noticed, he would feel at home and with a friend.

Mr. Althorp was a gentleman in every sense of the word. A single-minded christian, preferring God above all things, and living under a daily sense of God's favors to him and his constant, peculiar responsibility.

Such were Lacy's first impressions. Tea was served at an early hour, so as never to interfere with the duties of the evening, and prayers immediately followed; and from the little observation afforded in this short hour, Lacy found he was in a family fitted to improve both his mind and heart.

'Come Everett,' said young Althorp, as

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they stood together after tea beneath the spreading branches of an old elm, 'I must show you some of my wild and romantic haunts; they eclipse all our college resorts;' and drawing Lacy's arm beneath his, they sallied off. Althorp led him through a narrow gate at the left hand, into a garden of extreme beauty, adorned with a summer-house, fantastically covered with wood-bine and other creeping flowers. 'This is my mother's favorite resort for reading and meditation; but Lucy and I are more romantic in our taste. You must not linger here but follow,' said he. And he drew his hesitating, admiring friend along beyond the precincts of the garden to a knoll, from which a landscape of singular and diversified beauty met the eye. You might recline anywhere beneath the spreading trees on this delightful spot, and feast the eye with the works of God. Forests in all their verdure and graceful beauty, and vallies interspersed with the cottage and more costly mansion, in grounds under refined culture or in luxuriant wildness, filled the

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whole extent of vision. Lacy gazed at the whole in silence and admiration. He always loved to dwell on the wonders and beauties of God in nature, and it was a sweet reflection, as he now viewed them with fresh love to his Creator, that even in *heathen* lands, remote from home, the same works and the same beauties from the same wonder-working hand would attend him still.

Althorp beheld and enjoyed his friend's mute delight, and turned to show him the little arbor which he had reared in this wild and lovely place. Just at the moment, he caught a glimpse of his sister and cousin ascending the hill on their return from some benevolent errand, and he pointed them out to his friend. Lacy followed his direction, and had leisure to observe the young ladies as they carelessly wandered along. One was singularly attractive and drew his first attention. Her face actually shone with sprightliness and good nature. Her eyes were brilliant, and her complexion naturally fair, now glowed with exercise and health. Her companion had one of those

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sweet pensive faces, more common and less interesting at first view, but continually developing new beauty as acquaintance increases, and the amiable emotions of the heart successively kindle and illumine the features.

Lacy thought he never was so fully aware of the fascination of a smiling countenance as when he gazed at Lucy Althorp. They had been on an errand of mercy among the poor; and perhaps the comfort and happiness they had been dispensing had reflected a gladness into their own faces, and diffused a joy into their own hearts.

Lacy became highly pleased with this family. He was delighted with the entire unanimity he observed in the plans and opinions of the parents; in the predominance which religion and all its interests held in them and in their conversation; with the circle of devoted christians whose society alone they encouraged, and the liberality both of time and money which they were forward to manifest in the service of their Lord and Master.

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He was sometimes led to wonder at the expensive house and furniture which they retained. But it was theirs before they were Christ's; they gave themselves to the service of the Lord *as they were*; mourned their past and foolish extravagance, and cut off one after another those superfluities and luxuries which fashion and not comfort had drawn around them. He remained a diligent business man, not for necessity's sake; for had he lived for himself and sought his own pleasure merely, he would long ago have retired to enjoy his wealth. But he was still diligent in business, that he might have the power to grant efficient aid to the benevolent efforts of the day.

Lacy saw much to admire in Lucy Althorp. She was pious, benevolent and energetic; all these were good qualities, indispensable in the wife he would choose. She was also intelligent, affectionate, frank and simple in her manner; and as to personal attractions, few surpassed her. He had seen but one lady in whose favor he was

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as much prepossessed, and of her he had had opportunity of cultivating a far less intimate acquaintance. He resolved to study Lucy's character more fully, earnestly seeking divine direction to order his steps, and direct his plans.

Alone in the summer-house one beautiful afternoon, while regaling his taste and fancy in admiration of the elegance and display of the fine garden before him, he dwelt on his future life—on its toils—its self-denials—its trials—its perplexities and vexations—its difficulties and sufferings. He thought of the heathen among whom he would dwell—their superstitions—their vices—their degradation and incongeniality with his own habits, views and tastes. His mind then wandered to the beautiful and delicate Lucy Althorp, educated in wealth, refinement, luxury and ease. He transplanted her in imagination to a heathen shore—and his mind recoiled at the contrast between her past life, and the one to which he would introduce her. How could she bear poverty and toil—endure the trials and depri-

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vations of his lot? Would she not meet with numberless trials, unaccustomed as her spirit was to endurance, which another woman, differently educated, would bear with comparative ease? He thought of her christian character. Did she possess that deep, humble piety which would enable her, patiently and cheerfully, to endure much in his cause? He was ready to allow that she was full of warmth and zeal, yet could not but fear more of it was the result of animal feeling than religious principle. From her active public benevolence at home in her own circle, he acknowledged he could form no correct idea of the unobtrusive, principled benevolence she might exercise in a remote land, removed from christian observation and stimulus.

He thought of her in the scale of her present daily usefulness. Was she systematic, diligent? Here he was obliged to confess he had discovered no system, and if diligent at home, it was in the most useless things. Her time existed but in fragments,

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and that was employed in lace-work, embroidery, and ceremonious calls.

Yet he had seen her deeply affected by a view of the necessities of the heathen. He had seen her ready and willing to engage in charitable offices of a humble kind. Perhaps only more thought and deliberation and light on the duties of the christian life were wanting to a systematic, faithful, humble discharge of them. He confessed allowance must be made for education, habit, youth and inexperience in the divine life.

In the midst of his reflections, the young lady herself, with her cousin Sarah approached the summer-house. The door was open—he bowed and rose—invited them in and offered a seat.

'I have been contrasting the pleasures and beauties around me with the toils and trials of a Missionary life,' said Lacy.

'One would think,' said Miss Althorp smiling, 'from the sigh which just escaped you, that you consider toil, trial and sacrifice as the *only* ingredients in Missionary life. Surely there are pleasures,

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which will fully balance those we enjoy who stay at home.'

Lacy. Indeed I would not forget the *holy* pleasure of winning souls to Christ, and hearing the song of Redeeming love from heathen lips. But I spoke 'after the manner of men.' I was looking at the loss of temporal good things—of intellectual enjoyments—of christian fellowship. But I rejoice, Miss Althorp, to hear you speak of redeeming advantages in the arduous life of a Missionary.

Miss Althorp. Were I a young man, I would surely choose the life you name. The romance that gilds it would be a powerful temptation to its choice. Its very novelty would charm me. How delightful it must be to witness the change from a savage to a civilized state under the culture of one's own hand! And then there's the pleasure of seeing and knowing more of the world than by staying at home, beside the honor and distinction which the Missionary life confers.

To be sure, there is pain and distress in

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a final separation from friends—but how endeared and indelible is the remembrance one leaves behind! How he lives in the thoughts, the affections and the prayers of the christian community at home! Indeed I think the lot of the self-devoted foreign Missionary the most enviable situation in the world.'

Everett Lacy was shocked to hear such motives for the choice of a Missionary life held up and advocated; so worldly, so unworthy the holiness of the work itself. He was surprised too that a christian as intelligent and as well acquainted with Missionary operations as Miss Althorp, should so slightly understand and appreciate the sacrifices and trials comprehended in such a life. But he remembered how little we know of Missionaries—how little we *see* them as they really *are*, only in the great outline of their arduous undertaking, without any of those nameless, petty vexations and sufferings which can be *felt* rather than told.

He looked at the delicate young creature before him, and remembered her education.

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What had she ever to do with toil or self-denial? And he wondered no longer at her ignorance of the reality of his contemplated trials.

He was at a loss for a moment what reply to make to her remark. At length he said, 'if the Missionary life should be chosen from such motives of self-interest and self-gratification as those you name, Miss Althorp, what promises could the dispirited, fainting Missionary claim? How fruitless would all his efforts be! How unacceptable in the eyes of Jehovah his sacrifices and toils!'

'Such a consecration,' thought he to himself, 'would be simply an offering at the shrine of vanity—a despicable, selfish service imposed on the christian community as incense to Jehovah. May the Lord grant that no such unhallowed, debasing motives may mingle with those which influence me in my choice!'

Lacy made no farther effort to apprise himself of her views on the responsible and arduous life of a Missionary; but he allowed

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the conversation to take the course she chose to give it.

When he was again alone, he began to reflect how seldom are christian simplicity, humility and spirituality found in the young hearts of those whose cup of earthly happiness is overflowing with temporal blessings. How deadening is the influence of wealth, thought he, to the vital interests of the soul!

How seldom do we find christians, surrounded with luxury and rolling in ease, whose views of things and whose habits *allow* them to be greatly instrumental, compared with their ability, in forwarding the cause of the Redeemer!

How illy qualified would Lucy Althorp be on the whole, supposing her even more than an ordinary christian, to assume the toil, the petty servile offices and the vexations of a self-denying Missionary's wife.

Accustomed to indolence, to ease, to self-indulgence, to be waited upon by others, and to have no want unsupplied, how vast the change!

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Ill acquainted with domestic affairs, used to refined society, to a splendid style of living, how utterly inexpedient and unwise, to solicit such a lady to become a help-meet in toil, difficulty and danger! He wondered that his thoughts for a moment had rested upon her as a suitable wife.

Now we do not believe, as Everett Lacy appeared to do, that among ladies, educated in the rank and wealth of the one to whom he alluded, *none* may be found who might not, with supreme love to God and intense love to souls, stoop with beautiful simplicity to the humble yet heavenly work of a faithful Missionary. There are those of yielding tempers and gentle dispositions, and *apt* to conform to circumstances. How vast might be the influence of such at home on those who behold with what cheerfulness they can renounce all earthly good for Christ! But we must exclaim, O how few are they! During Lacy's stay at judge Althorp's, his opportunities for extensive acquaintance were great. He was thrown into circles, composed almost entirely of

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christians, at least nominally, and introduced to many young ladies of high religious pretensions and of considerable notoriety, as active, devoted followers of Christ.

Sarah Lyman was a pretty, amiable girl, but she was too *indolent* and *self-indulgent* for a Missionary's wife. He saw some whose names were always blazoned in the higher offices of benevolent societies. This augured well, and was a testimony of the confidence reposed in them, and the zeal and energy which they might be supposed to possess. But in some cases he feared, from observation, that the religion of these young ladies was more confined to public action than to private heart-work; that there was more zeal than love, and more ambition than anxiety for the good of souls. Lacy saw in this circle many pleasing, interesting girls; but slight acquaintance developed their spring of action to be *momentary impulse* rather than *firm religious principle.*

And he was led to dwell on the peculiar necessity of a conscientious adherence to

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principle, as a source of action in the discharge of Missionary duty.

Among the particular friends of Lucy Althorp, was a Miss Celeste O'Brien. She was rather an interesting girl in appearance, agreeable in conversation, unaffected in her manners, and above all, much talked of for her uncommon engagedness in religion. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Lacy should listen with peculiar interest to every remark, calculated to elucidate her christian character. He heard her spoken of as the pattern of all that was excellent in the female character; remarkable for christian simplicity in dress, for her strictness and self-denial.

She had been sometime absent from home, and her return was hailed with considerable interest, and in it Lacy also participated. He was prepared to behold a pattern of consistency, sobriety and zeal, such as he had never before witnessed.

It was therefore with pleasure, that he was informed, Miss O'Brien had been invi-

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ted with a number of young people to a small, select, religious party at judge Althorp's. He was not a conscientious approver of the fashionable religious parties of modern times. He found in them so much of the world and so little of Christ; so much display, levity and vanity, and so little simplicity, holy conversation and counsel on the best interests of the Redeemer's cause. He would often say, how much *might* such social circles do in the cause of religion by mutual excitement to good works, and as a means of spiritual improvement: but how universally are they debased to an undue conformity to worldly customs and conversation, giving occasion to the reproach, 'What do ye, when ye thus meet together, more than others?'

When Lacy was told by his friend Althorp on the afternoon of the day alluded to, that Miss O'Brien, from conscientious scruples, had declined the acceptance of his sister's invitation, his first feelings acquiesced in the justness of her views, and his impressions of her deep piety were rather in-

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creased. Lucy Althorp handed him the note which contained her refusal, and he read thus—

'My dear Lucy—

I cannot accept your polite invitation for this evening. I cannot mingle with the gay and thoughtless. Conscience forbids; indeed my friend, how could I do this great wickedness and sin against God?' He folded the note, returning it to the owner without a reply. Then stooping to remove a careless flower that had intruded into the narrow path in the garden where he was wandering, he began a conversation on some foreign subject, while his own thoughts were busy on what he had read. He had seen so much of the foolish extreme in the conduct of many high professors, that terminated wofully to the cause itself; that he could not but fear such strong expressions were not exactly the cool, deliberate result of *principle*. However he determined to watch well the young lady's *consistency*.

He was accidentally favored with her personal acquaintance. He found her an

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intelligent girl; but one among the many who lay great stress on little things—One who spent much time in prayer, and none comparatively in correspondent religious action. She fasted and prayed and wept over the desolations of Zion, but she never went out among souls, nor opened her lips at home by way of using her influence in building up its wastes. 'Celeste has mistaken views of things,' said an old lady to Lacy one day. 'I believe her a sincere christian—one that will be saved at last—through much tribulation, much endurance, great self-denial, not imposed by the Head of the Church, but by her own false opinions of God's requirements and our duty.'

'In what respect?' inquired Lacy.

'She lays great emphasis on self-denial, and truly it is a duty, which our Savior both by precept and example has abundantly enforced,' replied Mrs. ——. 'But *her* self-denials partake more of self-inflictions, of bodily chastisement than the spiritual self-denial which *I* conceive to be meant. She injures her health by abstemiousness, by solitude,

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and often by excessive grief over the spiritual desolations around her. I have often known her to refuse the offer of fruit or cake, because she happened to be particularly fond of that very thing and she thought its indulgence was pampering the flesh. I have known her in dress to decline a fashionable article because it *was* fashionable, lest its possession would be an unwarrantable conformity to the world. She prays much, but declines all publicity of effort from a sense of her great unworthiness and a distrust of her motives, fearing she might be more actuated by those that are worldly, than those that are pure.

She excludes herself from society, because so much that is wrong exists in it: she lives out of the world while in it, thinking not that she might glorify God *more* by a holy, steadfast resistance of its temptations while laboring in her path of duty, as it lies through the snares of life, than by a hermit seclusion and an anxious brooding over her own daily sins, to the exclusion of that active effort for the souls of others,

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which is such an evidence of the holy benevolence of christianity. 'I think, Mr. Lacy,' Mrs. ——— would 'say, that Celeste will go to heaven but she will go *by herself:* she works out her own salvation with so great fear and trembling, that she has no time or heart to assist in putting others in the road to eternal life.

'She sits in her lolling chair in her chamber day after day, wholly engaged in prayer, in reading the scriptures and in searching her own heart; looking in upon its secret recesses and bringing out every thought and feeling to compare it with the word of God.'

Lacy inquired, if she never complained of spiritual exhaustion? of a want of love and joy and peace in believing?

'O yes,' said Mrs. ——; 'as for real *enjoyment* in religion, she experiences very little. She is often complaining of lifelessness and want of spirituality: but were she to spend half her time in active efforts to bring souls to the Redeemer, I have often told her she would find her heart glowing with life and love, and earnest desire, when she drew

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near to God. After all, Mr. Lacy, to pray and labor, and labor and pray is the best way to find out the strength of one's attachment to the Redeemer—to promote the best interests of the soul.'

'Yes, madam,' replied Lacy, 'industry and activity in the divine life are precisely to the soul what exercise and industry are to the body. Our souls never grow in grace faster than when we are like our Saviour, entirely employed in doing good: when we are diligent in our Master's service, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

When Lacy thought of Miss O'Brien and her utter uselessness, in the vineyard of the Lord, from her mistaken views, he could not but inwardly pray, that the wife whom he might choose might be an *efficient* co-worker in the Lord's service: might possess *enlightened, active* piety.

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CHAPTER III.

When Lacy had completed his visit to his friend Althorp, he hastened to redeem the pledge he had given, of spending a few days in the family of a friend of his aunt Marshall. They lived in an old-fashioned country house, on the banks of the beautiful L., surrounded by every thing which constitutes comfort. The rusticity of the scenery without the enclosures of the dwelling, contrasted finely with the neat and tasteful arrangement of every thing within. There was nature in all its wild and luxuriant beauty, and here was art in all its richness and delicacy. As Lacy's horse passed through the open gate, to find a shelter beneath an old spreading elm, that shadowed the house, he was led to dwell on the independence and comfort and real quiet pleasures enjoyed by those removed from the bustle of the world, who reap the natural luxuries and ease of

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a prosperous farmer's life. He found Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, frank, intelligent and uncommonly hospitable. It seemed a luxury to be free from the restraints imposed by the daily routine of fashionable life, and the cold formalities and heartless civilities of its friendships. He found no lack of society: an hour introduced him to the numerous family of his friend, and made him familiarly at home. He was gratified with an unexpected meeting with the two eldest sons, who were both members of a neighboring Theological institution. And such a party of daughters he had seldom seen, nine in all, and seven already arrived at maturity. When he learned that all but the two youngest children were professed followers of Christ, he could not but feel how delightful must be the communion and mutual comfort of such a family: and yet on earth it was but a foretaste of their felicity as a family above. There seemed to a stranger here, to be a delightful mingling of the spiritual and temporal, of every thing calculated to enrich and enliven domestic

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happiness. Plenty and peace it seemed dwelt among them: their table groaned beneath the bounties of Providence, and the children like olive plants were blooming around it.

He could not but remind Mrs. Thornton, of the peculiar favor of Providence to them in this respect.

She replied, that truly God had been kind to them: death had never entered their doors. Their children had been mercifully preserved from the snares and temptations of the world, and were, as she hoped, safely gathered into the fold of the Redeemer, but she regretted they were not more *active* and *efficient* christians, though in the daughters it was more especially owing to very delicate health.

Lacy expressed much surprise at her latter remark, as their clear and blooming complexions, had led him to suppose that unusually strong constitutions and firm health were among their other blessings; but in his opinion it was natural, and argued well for her own piety, that she was so anxious to

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see her children walking in the faith, and that not *afar* off from their Lord and Master.

He had not been an inmate of the family two days, before he could unriddle their want of life and animation—their uselessness and inability to become efficient christians.

He felt himself obliged to own that he had never been in such a family-hospital. The good mother spared no pains to make comfort reign about her; her habits were extremely industrious, and would have led a person to suppose her daughters, with such an example constantly before them, must be admirable housewives, trained to usefulness, and to be a solace and assistance to their parents in the decline of life. But not so. Numerous as were Mrs. Thornton's cares, and pressing as were her domestic duties, they were trifling to the watching and anxiety to which she doomed herself over her blooming girls. They were always complaining of the head-ach, the side-ach, a sprain, a cold or debility. Lucy must

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have herb tea—Sally must have a plaster and take drops—Fanny needed the doctor—Ellen must forthwith take a sweat, and Julia must *sit still* in the rocking chair, and get strength. One must not read lest she should strain her eyes—another must not step her feet on the cold ground, lest her lungs should become affected—another was not allowed to meddle with household matters, lest *she* too should get sick, and there be not a well one in the house. Tenderness and restraint had made Fanny nervous—fancied delicacy and feebleness had led Julia to indulge in light reading to sustain her spirits, and she was fast becoming both sentimental and affected.

Ellen suffered for want of exercise instead of a sweat; and it would have benefited Lucy far more to use the broom briskly, than exhaust her mother's store of herbs.

Though surrounded by daughters, poor Mrs. Thornton was more burdened with care than if she had none; and though she demanded and experienced no assistance from them in her round of duty, they were useless

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every where else. Charitable societies were not prospered by their efficiency—the poor were not blessed by their kindness and attention—and their friends were only regaled by the new and uncommon symptoms which were continually throwing the charm of novelty over their diseases.

This poor woman, thought Lacy, is ruining her daughters for usefulness and happiness both. She is undermining that very health, and prostrating those bodily powers which she aims to promote and strengthen, merely because she allows blind affection instead of wholesome reason to direct her management. She is unfitting them to take care of themselves, and educating them to be burdens and trials to whomsoever they may fall. She is stifling every generous, humane feeling in them toward others, by teaching the paramount importance of self, fostering a despicable selfishness, which cannot conceal itself, even in trifling affairs, from the casual observer. Lacy was often tempted to seize the lace work, and netting, and bead work, which were sapping the

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vivacity of these girls, and place in their hands a book calculated to enlighten and invigorate the mind, and thus stimulate the body to more life and activity; or whisper that a little gentle exercise in relieving the fond mother, would be a sure antidote to that ennui of which they complained. He sometimes advised their walking in the open air—rambling about among the cottages to distribute tracts, to gather the uninstructed children into a sabbath school, and enquire into the wants and situations of the poor around them. But no; they could not walk without getting out of breath, or enter the habitations of the poor without being annoyed by disagreeable sights and odors, and exceedingly shocking their nervous sensibilities by scenes of suffering.

He sometimes condoled with the young ladies on their feeble health, and gently and delicately insinuated that slight exercise, gradually increased and prolonged, would be calculated to increase bodily strength and revive their spirits, besides qualifying

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them for future usefulness at home and abroad, and the mother would say—

'I think you are right, Mr. Lacy; gentle exercise would not injure their health—but they have always been so weakly that I could not find it in my heart to *press* them to exertion, lest I should increase their maladies, and my own cares and anxieties.'

She might have added—'when they attempt to assist in household duties, they are so awkward and uninterested in the performance of them, that I find it more easy to do the thing myself at first, than do it over after them.' I have often heard mothers complain that their daughters were a burden rather than a help, when they themselves trained them in idleness, and moulded them into precisely the burdens under which they groaned.

'How much *wisdom* and *grace* do mothers need,' Lacy would sometimes say to himself. When he looked at the incalculable influence they exerted, never did the choice of a wife seem to be a subject of such importance, and so truly needing divine direction.

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How often is this choice made without consideration, with levity, and without regard to its future results! How many never weigh the probable influence their intended companion will exert over *themselves;* and how few look down the stream of time, and take into account the succeeding generations, whose destiny may depend upon the wisdom or folly of this decision!

The two sons in this family were young men who, from superior natural powers both of body and mind, seemed to have been destined for important services in the church. But a mistaken course of *physical* education was marring their usefulness, and greatly diminishing their spiritual enjoyment. The eldest, who was a licensed preacher, was little aware of the unfavorable impressions abroad, which his endless complaints produced by the ceaseless attentions he demanded, as an invalid. If he preached even on the brightest evening in summer, he was never seen to leave the pulpit without muffling his mouth lest he should take cold after his excitement, and his lungs suffer. If

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he spoke with more than usual energy, a deep-seated pain in his side was destined to awaken the sympathies of those with whom he chanced to be. His valise was filled with vials and specifics for the various disorders with which he was visited, and his constitution was actually suffering under this indiscriminate tampering with fancied diseases.

He seemed to be filled *with* self—distressed *about* self—and acted on the supposition that every body else was equally interested in this delicate personage. All this was the result of a weak and misguided judgment in the mother, and the consequence of suffering affection, rather than principle, to guide her in her management.

There was but one thing, in which the young ladies engaged systematically, and with daily freshness of delight. It was cultivating and trimming the beautiful shrubbery in the yard. This was a relaxation and amusement which pleased, and of which they never seemed to be weary.

It served to refine their taste, and perhaps sometimes led them to admire the goodness

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and wisdom of their Creator, but otherwise it was of no use. The exercise it afforded was too slight to benefit health; and was always taken under such a multitude of incumbrances, in the shape of cape-bonnets, shawls and gloves, as to neutralize all the little good effect it might have had.

Lacy wandered one evening after tea, alone, into a pleasant little lane in the neighborhood, bordered with locusts and elms, and beneath their shade he reclined on a little eminence, and there fell into a deep train of thought. His late observations led him to think painfully on the alarming deficiencies of christian parents, in training the children God had given them.

'When I compare what they say, and what they do,' said he to himself, 'where is that beautiful *consistency* of christian character, which constitutes one of its most valuable excellencies.

'They *feel*, that the rising generation, embracing their own children, are to be the honored and efficient instruments of ushering in the latter-day glory; of doing far

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more for Christ and the church, than they themselves have done. Do they make every effort to *qualify* them for this? They *say*, that nothing is so near their hearts as the spiritual interests of their children. Do they withhold from them those things which will retard their growth in grace, and seek especially to bring them within an atmosphere and draw them under an influence, calculated to promote the good of their souls? Do they not rather connive at many indulgences of a doubtful tendency, to say the least?'

When Mrs. Thornton said she lived for her children alone; that she was so removed from any other sphere of usefulness, than that which lay within her own house, she could hope to do little for the cause of Christ, Lacy would sometimes say delicately, 'you are removed, Mrs. Thornton, from more public action, but yet I consider your extent of influence by no means small. You have trained up two ministers of the cross. If they should be eminently useful, and honored as humble instruments

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of turning sinners to righteousness, how will you have occasion to bless God, that he has thus owned your labors! And how wide and important is to be your influence at some future day, through your numerous family! You have in a measure formed their minds; implanted their principles; confirmed their habits; given a direction to their energy; in short, you have made them instrumentally what they are, and with little variation, what they will be, both to the world and the church. I must think in this view, Mrs. Thornton, that your field of influence is large, important and varied.' 'If, while mothers were thus laboring,' Mrs. Thornton would say, 'they would look at future results, and be more aware that they were doing work for eternity, how much more would they feel the need of that wisdom which is from above, and be led to the throne of grace, to receive fresh qualifications for their duty every day! What a different race of children, would rise up to call them blessed, and to bless the world! I can see, that with regard to my chil-

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dren, in many things I have erred: and in none more than in not *preparing myself for discharging the duties I owed them, at the throne of grace, from the offered fulness of Infinite Wisdom.*

'I wish you, Mr. Lacy, to become acquainted with the management and opinions of my friend, Mrs. Burnet, whom I expect here shortly on a visit. She is a woman of prayer; I suspect her views and yours, on most points, will exactly agree. It is somewhat singular, however, exemplary and devoted as she is, both as a mother and a christian, that her only child, Louisa, though all her heart could wish otherwise, is not a christian.'

Lacy expressed a desire to be acquainted with Mrs. Burnet, and was truly gratified when two days after, her arrival was announced. She was an interesting woman, younger in appearance than in reality, and uncommonly sociable; differing from most women, however, of a multitude of words, where there wanteth not folly; for on the contrary, her conversa-

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tion was as improving as entertaining. Louisa was a lovely girl; modest, retiring and intelligent. She wanted religion, but she wanted nothing else, apparently.

Mrs. Burnet was one day regretting in the absence of her daughter, that though possessing every thing else, she still wanted the pearl of great price, and in alluding to this subject she became greatly affected, even to tears. She said this blessing, the conversion of her child, was the burden of her prayers: that if she knew her own heart, she simply desired to see her a meek, sincere follower of the Lamb; it was her only wish, and that granted she could die in peace.

Mr. Lacy replied in a consoling way, that great blessings were promised to the offspring of the righteous, and that though in her case the blessing *tarried*, if she would honor God, by an humble waiting upon him, he doubted not it would come.

As she made no reply to this, he ventured to inquire what had been the *mode* of religious instruction she had pursued with her daughter. She answered that it had been

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her aim both early and late, to inculcate the truths of religion; that she had given precept upon precept, and line upon line; here a little and there a little. She had prayed with her, and for her; had placed in her hands *books*, calculated to awaken and interest her on the subject of religion. Louisa had heard the preached gospel from the most eminent divines, and her mother never failed, when opportunity offered, to secure the prayers and labors of christians in behalf of her child. But she had lived through all, unaffected.

Lacy knew not what to say to this. The blessing of God was pledged to such labors, consistently and uniformly bestowed. Why in this case, had it been withheld? he thought. There is something wrong somewhere in such cases—there is always a *cause*.

Some incidental inquiry led, in the course of a day or two, to a mention of the place in which she had received her education, and from the conversation he gleaned the following facts. She had been placed at an early

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age in a fashionable boarding-school under the superintendance of a lady unacquainted with religion, and her most familiar associates there had been girls of her own age, unaccustomed even to a show of godliness. Her time was engrossed the latter part of her residence in this school, by acquiring that *finish* deemed so essential previously to the final introduction of a young lady into society. During every vacation, her mother failed not to represent to her the importance and absolute necessity of holiness; with unremitting exertions, she endeavored to bring her beneath the means of grace; and when term time commenced, she sent her away again into the midst of temptation and worldliness, alone. How many christian mothers are guilty of such inconsistencies! They send out their daughters into the world, praying perhaps, meanwhile, that they may be kept from the evil, and be converted under such disadvantages.

Lacy wondered no longer, while he saw discrepancy between the theory and practice of the mother, that Miss Burnet still remained

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unsanctified. What could she think of her mother's earnestness, that she should become meet to be an inheriter with the saints in light, while she witnessed on the other hand her anxiety that she should shine in *this* world? How could she reconcile her mother's fervent prayers, that, above all, she might be clothed in the robe of Christ's righteousness, when she saw her anxiety about her dress and appearance here? What effect would all her occasional tenderness about her soul's concerns produce, when she read in her actions a far greater anxiety about her future settlement in life? Interesting and amiable as was Miss Burnet, Lacy was exceedingly surprised, when one evening, the elder Mr. Thornton confidentially asked him his opinion about selecting her as his future partner in life.

'She is not pious,' said Lacy, with some stress.

Thornton. True, she is not *now.* But I cannot doubt the child of such a praying mother will eventually be a child of God.

Lacy. But would you—could you consci-

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entiously, on such an uncertain inference, risk your own spirituality, and your future usefulness as a minister of the gospel?

'I don't know,' said Thornton hesitatingly. 'I would not marry into an *irreligious family* any more than you, Lacy. But I hesitate in regard to Miss Burnet, from her education; her habits of strict, even severe morality; her accustomed views of things, the influence of her mother, and.'—

Lacy shook his head. 'What would you say, were I, an intended Missionary of the cross of Christ, thus to choose?'

'*You* are a missionary,' replied Thornton. *Your* wife *must* have religion to qualify her for the temptations and trials which await her. The wife of a settled parish minister would not exert such influence; be required to perform such duties; and besides, restraints of a various and different nature would be imposed upon her by her situation, and the relation in which her husband stands to the church in a christian land.

Lacy. Well now, what are the comforts and advantages resulting from a union with

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an unbeliever? She cannot comfort you with heavenly consolation in your trials; she has never tasted it herself. If you are languid in devotion, she cannot stimulate you. When mourning beneath the hidings of a Saviour's countenance, she cannot sympathize with you. She cannot counsel you in your perplexities. She will not excite you to duty. She will greatly hinder your instrumentality among your people, by her neutrality in religious things, if not by her opposing influence. How will she train your children? Not in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. If you strive to impress on your people the duties of parents to their children, and of marrying "only in the Lord," you will be refered to your living contradiction and reproach at home.

'But above all, Thornton, her influence on your *own soul*, for time and eternity, will be appalling. She will be a snare to you: a drawback, a thorn in the flesh, a grief. You will be distressed about yourself; you will be distressed about *her* soul; you will be anxious about your children; you will mourn

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over your flock, and they over you all. Forgive my earnestness and frankness. I do sincerely believe that no Missionary, minister, or even christian, can enter into matrimonial engagements with an unbeliever, without violating the vows he is under to his Redeemer, and bringing darkness and leanness upon his own soul.'

Thornton took his friend warmly by the hand, and thanked him for his frankness. 'Conscience approves your advice,' said he. 'O why will we for a moment, allow fancy, or any worldly motive, to choose for us where God only should direct!'

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CHAPTER IV.

It was with unfeigned pleasure that Lacy espied, the second day after leaving Mr. Thornton's, the clustering trees and rich foliage that almost entirely concealed the dwelling of the Scott family. His visit to them at the commencement of this narrative, was the sojourn only of a night; yet he felt a congeniality with its inmates, that he had experienced nowhere else.

As he pursued the path silently, which conducted to the house, he could distinguish his friend Frederic, with his sister Helen in the neat little summer house within view; the former reading in an interested and animated tone, while Helen was busily plying her needle. Sarah, about ten, sat on a cricket at her sister's feet, and seemed also busily employed. Two of the younger children, at a few paces distance, were deeply busied in building block houses, while a lit-

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tle girl of two years, quietly seated on the grass beside them, holding her grey kitten under one arm, was watching their progress with mute delight. Frederic's voice rose to an animated pitch, as he continued to read, and Helen as if in testimony of her own deep interest in its subject, laid down her work in her lap, and with as much of thought as sweetness in her face, seemed eagerly to catch every word as it fell from the lips of her brother. Lacy was unnoticed by either of them, and as he drew nearer he heard Helen say, as her brother paused, 'Oh how slow are we in our efforts to bring back the world to Christ! How lamentable to think of China, of Siam, and of that multitude of beautiful islands in the eastern Archipelago, crowded with millions of souls, yet perishing for the bread of life!' Lacy thought he heard her sigh as she closed this remark.

The rustling bushes, as Lacy quickened his pace to reach the arbor, drew Frederic's attention, and their meeting was full of delight. Lacy seated himself with them.

'We were talking on the *great theme*.

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Everett,' said Frederic smiling; 'it grows upon me every hour. But time loiters not as we do. One short year, and if God permits, we will go forth my brother, to do what *we* can to rescue souls?' Lacy clasped his hand with warm emotion.

Much interesting and useful conversation ensued. Young Scott seemed pensive, yet cheerful; Helen was bright and social, and Lacy felt the calm delight of enjoying the society of souls, kindred to his own in sentiment and feeling. Two days passed pleasantly away, and not unprofitably to our visitor. He found the motto of the household seemed to be, 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, *all the while* serving the Lord.' Regularity and system were written in the movements of every member of the family, and relaxation was here but varied duty. Lacy was rejoiced to find that quiet and occasional opportunity for seclusion here, which enabled him to arrange those matters of business respecting his agency, for which he could not command the opportunity elsewhere. He felt at home. The

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family in which he was, possessed that peculiar and rare faculty of making a visitor feel as one of themselves, and so managing as to proceed in their own daily routine of duty, without neglecting any of those delicate and grateful attentions which courtesy demands, or compelling him to believe that his presence produces any derangement of accustomed ceremonies and habits, or any intrusion upon their quiet and retirement. To speak intelligibly in a few words, Lacy was not doomed for a moment to feel that he was *company*. Mr. Scott, the old gentleman, seemed to enjoy life, to pursue his business and enter into the benevolent operations and modern views of religious effort with a spirit which is seldom seen in men of his age. And when Lacy observed the calm, discreet, energetic management of Mrs. Scott, her unvaried cheerfulness, her meekness, and christian simplicity, both in practice and feeling, he thought her a pattern of all that is lovely in the family sphere. He was peculiarly pleased with her companionable

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manner toward her daughters Helen and Amelia. They seemed on terms of respectful intimacy and the most endeared freedom. She appeared to repose in them unbounded confidence, and in return was met with frankness and deference. How much anxiety might be spared parents, and how greatly might the parental relation be sweetened, were unreserved intercourse and communication encouraged by them.

I have known many mothers, between whom and their daughters, on the point of confidential intercourse, there seemed to be an impassable gulf. The mother's manner toward her daughters seemed to them to say, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther!' And when arrived at that age, when young ladies most need a counsellor and friend, where shall they look? Not to the mother? Oh no; they cannot, they dare not unbosom to her their feelings; they dare not deposit in her sacred trust, their trials, their follies and inexperience.

Perhaps the mother's heart yearns for such a confidence from her children, but

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she herself placed a barrier between them and it cannot be. They seek young inexperienced confidants, giddy and rash as themselves, and their parents are left to mourn over, as the consequence, follies and imprudences, which the tender and affectionate counsels of a discreet mother, might have prevented. Mothers lose an amazing influence over their daughters when they lose their hold on free, confidential interchange of thought and feeling.

Lacy observed with delight, the affectionate, delicate attentions which both sons and daughters, as it were, instinctively paid their parents, and their aged grandmother. It was a beautiful sight to see the old lady tottering down the graveled walk, as she hung on the arm of the youthful Helen, who would call her attention to this and that, point out some unobserved beauty and listen with the utmost deference and patience to all she had to say. Perhaps she would stoop to gather her a nosegay, and when she had seated her in a comfortable shady place, would pick and bring to her the fruit which

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she most admired. Sometimes, as the old lady sat knitting, Helen or Amelia would charm her for an hour or more by reading some entertaining facts, an eloquent appeal, or accounts of some of the benevolent efforts of the day to evangelize a fallen world.

One thing in these two young ladies, Lacy particularly remarked, *they were constantly employed.* Their employment if not always the most *elegant*, was certainly useful. Helen especially had the best faculty of using her fragments of time to advantage, of any person he ever saw. Her knitting was always ready. If detained in the parlor by the inconsiderate length of an idle visitor's call, she deemed it no infringement of courtesy to knit while she conversed. At twilight too, when she could neither read nor sew, her fingers were busy. Mrs. Scott used to say all her family were supplied with the article of *hose*, by herself and daughters employing those odd moments of time in knitting, which could not well have been spent in any thing else.

Lacy one day said to Frederic, 'I cannot

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be with your mother or sisters one half hour without feeling uneasy, and anxious to be employed. Their constant, systematic course of taking up and performing one duty after another as it comes along, is a silent but mighty reproof. It is seldom we see a young lady as systematically industrious as your sister Helen.

Frederic. But after all, Lacy, to the *mother* the praise is due. Habit is a second nature. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." My mother, Lacy, is worth her weight in gold. If the Lord ever allows me to become a Missionary, the systematic habits of industry my parents have grafted in me, will be among the most valuable qualifications they could have conferred on me, or I possess. I doubt not I shall find the toils of my future life less severe, and its perplexities greatly lessened, in consequence.

Lacy seemed to ingratiate himself more into the favor of the rosy-cheeked Sarah, than any other one of the family. She was

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a lively, intelligent little girl, and though but ten years of age, was a better companion than many girls of fifteen.

'We have some very beautiful walks here, Mr. Lacy, would you not like to find yourself in some of them?' said she one day, as she lingered near a currant bush in the garden, where he had followed her.

Lacy. Yes, Miss Sarah, very much, especially if you will bear me company.

'That I will with pleasure,' replied the frank little girl, 'when my lessons are said, and my mother can spare me. I will go with you now, Mr. Lacy, if you wish to walk.' No sooner said than done. Her mother's consent was obtained, her bonnet was found and she on the way. They wandered into the lane near the house, and for sometime continued to follow its winding, when Lacy said, 'I was not aware a church-yard was so near.

'would you like to go in, Mr. Lacy?' said the little girl briskly.

Lacy said he should, and in a moment they were within its walls. It was a delight-

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ful spot. The hand of cultivation had been there, and beautiful, delicate trees of tender growth were in training, with marks of the greatest care. And tall, stately trees, that had braved their three score winters, were standing in all their majesty around. 'What a delightful place!' uttered Lacy, almost unconscious that he said any thing audibly.

'This is my father's land,' said Sarah. 'Every body urged father to give it up for a church-yard; he has the care of it still, and he gives all that he receives—' and she hesitated as if she had already said too much.

'All that he receives?'—repeated Lacy inquiringly.

'Yes sir,' continued Sarah, encouraged to speak on, 'he gives what he obtains from those who purchase rights here, to the cause of Sabbath Schools.'

'From the ashes, then, of those who rest here, are rising young heirs of a blessed immortality,' said Lacy to himself. This little fact he grasped as a clue to a systematic benevolence, of which he longed to know the channels and the results.

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'Your father, then, is particularly interested in Sabbath Schools?' said Lacy.

Sarah. Yes sir. But he is interested in *all* benevolent efforts. He does a great deal for all. I cannot tell which he has the *most* interest in. He gives away a great deal. You know the bible says, Mr. Lacy, "Give, and it shall be given you, good measure." Father says he almost always finds his crops on land of the same quality, bring in more than his neighbors, who do not give any thing away, even after he deducts what belongs to the charity box."

Lacy. Your father has a Missionary field, has he?

Sarah. Yes; and he has given us all a piece of land for the same purpose. We cultivate what we choose, and the avails go to different objects.

Lacy sat down on a great stone under the shade of a tree, and beckoned his little companion to do the same.

'And what do *you* cultivate, Sarah?'

Sarah. I have six gooseberry and two currant bushes, and you cannot think how full

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they were this year. Father says if the peach trees do well next year, I may have two nice ones for Foreign Missions. My gooseberries are for Sabbath Schools, and the currants for the Indians. Then there are my two lambs, and my brood of chickens that are doing very well, and will fetch a good price next fall, and my guinea-hen's eggs, and—

Lacy smiled.

Sarah. I expect my chickens will pay my portion in the periodicals we children take, and my lambs are to go with the five dollars I got last year for my calf. When I get twenty dollars I shall give it to print a tract to be kept in perpetual circulation, you know.

Lacy. How does your sister Helen manage?

Sarah. She has a great strawberry bed as big as our parlor; she raised this year several bushels, and Sam, the gardner, got about fifteen dollars for them. Ten dollars, she gave to Foreign Missions. Amelia has the grape-vine at the south side of the Missionary field. We all have trees in the nursery, and father lets us take one every year, for every two we plant.

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Lacy. You seem to be quite ingenious in inventing ways to have the means of giving.

Sarah. I have not told half. Helen takes care of the milk this summer, and keeps all the accounts. Sam goes to market every day; and he is very particular to do things right. Mother gives six great beautiful cheeses every year. She puts rolls of flannel a ' cotton, and different kinds of clothing every year into our Missionary clothing-box; and the girls make it up when they get time. They sent off a large box to the Indians last year. Henry, who is not at home now, and is bigger than I, is going to sell his colt and give the money to establish a new mission among the Indians. But oh, how much father gives!! a tenth of all his produce, and a great deal besides. He never refuses any call for money to do good; he always keeps charity money in one of the drawers in the secretary, so that come when a body will, it is always ready. My father does a great deal for the poor in our neighborhood too; he is always sending them something useful.

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The little girl ran on in this strain during the whole of the walk, to the great amusement of Lacy, and I dare say to the displeasure of the family, had they known her communication of family matters. It was much in their favor in Lacy's mind. He could not but admire the plan of thus early instilling into the young hearts of children, a desire to be useful, and to do good by *personal* effort. The method they adopted was commendable for several reasons. Employment for mind and body was afforded by this simple system of benevolent exertion. An interest in the spiritual and temporal wants of a world lying in wickedness, was both awakened and cultivated, and most of all, the *habit* of giving, of self-denial and of personal exertion in the cause of benevolence, was thus early formed to ripen, we may hope, into mighty things for the church hereafter. Lacy could scarcely rest until he had surveyed this Missionary field and learned still more of the internal machinery of this benevolent family.

He wandered out for a walk one morning

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early in a different direction from his usually chosen rambles. But a short distance from the house was quite a large plot of ground, very carefully fenced in, and bearing marks of the highest state of cultivation. He was sure it must be the 'consecrated spot,' and was confirmed in the belief when he espied both Helen and Amelia busily engaged within. He entered the half open gate. The spot was probably the best land on Mr. Scott's farm, and as he gazed at the evident signs of peculiar care and labor around him, he remembered the words of the Lord to the children of Israel, touching their gifts to him: "But whatsoever hath a blemish, that shall ye not offer; for it shall not be acceptable for you. And whosoever offereth a sacrifice of peace-offering unto the Lord to accomplish his vow, or a free-will offering in beeves or sheep, it shall be *perfect* to be accepted; there shall be no blemish therein." And here this command was obeyed. Of the choice of his land, and of the choice of his fruits, of the choice of his cattle, of the choice of every thing, did this

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good man make a free-will offering to the Lord.

Helen was stooping over her strawberries, and Amelia was pruning and tying up her grape-vines. He congratulated the young ladies on finding them so early and so pleasantly employed. They smiled, and Amelia rejoiced at his appearance, begging a little assistance in tying her vines. It was of course readily granted. Mr. Lacy inquired if they were habitually such early risers. Amelia blushed and said, she herself was rather more self-indulgent than her sister Helen. 'Sunrise is our hour, and Helen is always regular as the clock, both summer and winter.'

Lacy. Early rising is one of the most valuable habits we can form in our youth.

'I think so too, Mr. Lacy,' replied Helen. 'I find no time in the day when I am more vigorous, or better qualified for employment; if I lose the early morning hours, I feel that my *day* is greatly encroached upon, and I seldom accomplish much.'

Lacy observed that young ladies were too apt to be self-indulgent in this respect.

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'I think they are,' said Miss Helen; 'and they lose a great amount of health, time and usefulness by it. Self indulgence in an undue amount of sleep prepares the way for the inroads of indolence, depression, and deadness in spiritual things. *I* find it so.'

'Really you must excuse me, Miss Scott,' replied Lacy bowing, 'but you display so little of either in your daily life, that I should be almost tempted to set your remark down to the score of probability, rather than experience.' Helen smiled, and thanked him for his flattering opinion of her industry, adding, she was entirely indebted to one of the best of mothers for her industrious habits, if she possessed them.

They were in the midst of conversation when the breakfast bell called them to the house. Not a word had been dropped, conveying the slightest allusion to the consecration of the place they had left.

'You were speaking a day or two since, of Miss Scott,' said Lacy, in conversation with a lady in the neighborhood, who was a particular friend of Helen. 'To what

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particular points of character did you allude?'

Lady. To her patient taking up of the cross daily. To her plan of living by *the day*—doing duty in its place, in its time, and in the best manner possible; leaving all events with God. She lets the morrow take thought for itself—not to the exclusion of provident forethought; but of all that foolish anxiety, castle-building and contrivance, which, like a moth, consumes the time of so many. Every duty, as it rises before her, whatever her disinclination to its performance, from deep principle, is performed.—From the moment she rises in the morning, her movements seem to say, onward through duty and toil! it will soon be over, and what thou doest, do quickly. When she retires to her chamber at night, she has told me she silently reviews the day—its deficiencies—its hindrances—its temptations—its performances. She lays her plans for the coming day. In prayer, pours out her soul before God, seeking his forgiveness, his favor and his strength for future duties.—

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When she first wakes she remembers her plan. The day before her is not like a void, to be filled with whatever chances to please her inclination at the moment. Duty, from habit, becomes pleasant and delightful. She engages in her accustomed round with vigor, rejoicing in God while it prospers in her hand; and if hindrances or unexpected derangements thwart her purposes, with the utmost cheerfulness she submits. She contrives to glean something valuable from every circumstance and from every disappointment. I have watched her from day to day with intense interest, and have been surprised to observe how much she accomplishes, how much she adds to her stock of knowledge; and above all, how rapidly her system of living advances her growth in grace.

'I cannot enter her room,' said the lady, 'without learning a useful lesson. Her neatness, order and taste are worthy of admiration. The books on her dressing table are the most devout, spiritual and improving that could be selected; and they are well studied. By the

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side of her mirror are rules for the direction of her thoughts, her feelings, her conduct to others, and to promote her own spiritual mindedness. One of her mottos runs thus: "Whether ye eat or drink; or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 *Cor.* 10: 31. Another is, "*Bear and forbear.*" Both blaze in her daily life as if written in letters of gold. Holiness to the Lord is written on all her pursuits. She is active abroad and active at home. She is a comfort to her mother, the pride of her father, a blessing to her brothers and sisters, an example to her companions, and as a light set on a hill, in the church and in this neighborhood. I love Miss Scott, Mr. Lacy, not only as an amiable girl, but as a remarkably consistent christian.

'The spiritual interests of a world lying in wickedness, as well as the temporal necessities of her fellow-creatures, receive systematic attention and aid, I really think, equal to her ability.

'She feels that, as a member of the kingdom of Christ, she has duties to perform,

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even to the heathen—that she has her part to act in the redemption of a fallen world. In the first place, she makes herself acquainted with the condition of heathen nations, and with all the missionary operations of the day. By the way, Mr Lacy, the neglect of this one thing is one of the most culpable faults of the christians of the present day. They are alarmingly ignorant of the moral state of the world in this age. You may tell them of the deplorable condition of this region and that, and the pressing necessity of immediate effort to render them acquainted with the news of salvation. But you cannot make them *feel* their obligations on the subject. They have not had sufficient previous acquaintance with the necessities of those places, to have their feelings and sympathies enlisted in their behalf. They have never sought to ascertain the extent of the requirements of christian duty towards those nations who yet sit in darkness, their exigencies, the numerous and wide openings for Missionary labor, and the increasing demands for vigorous exertion.'

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'How criminal,' said Lacy, 'is ignorance or a want of interest in the progress and success of benevolent efforts; and yet I am aware, that of the whole christian world, not one third are awake to either.'

Lady. In conversation with christians, even of reputed deep piety, I have sometimes mentioned the efforts and self-denials of different Missionaries, and mentioned with delight, instances of their success; my allusions were connected with information entirely new, perhaps it was unknown to them previously, that such a Missionary existed. Ask the mass of the christian community, Mr. Lacy, notwithstanding the reports and sources of information in circulation, the number of Missionaries which we, as a country, are now supporting by our charities, and the number of missions sustained by their patronage, and how many of them, think you, would be able to tell you either?

'Children must be early initiated into the doings of the religious community, if we would have a race of christians prepared to carry on successfully the coming war with

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the prince of darkness. Their interest in religious systematic effort must commence in infancy, ripen with their years, and strengthen with their growth, if we would raise up for Emmanuel's host, an efficient chosen band to assist him in his mighty purpose. Helen's knowledge of Missionary operations, her interest in the religious state of the world, her love for the heathen, her sanctified influence and unwearied efforts in the cause which is dear to the hearts of christians, may be traced to the method of training adopted by her parents. Helen has had leisure for research. She has a feeling heart, and it glows with love to souls, and I verily believe sometimes *groans* to be useful in the service of her Lord and Master.'

From Frederic, Lacy afterwards accidentally drew this remark, that his sister had been an unspeakable comfort to him since he had decided to spend his days in a heathen land. 'I have unburdened to her freely, said he, my views, my feelings, my difficulties, the trials and anticipations of the lot I have chosen. She seems to know them all, to have

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weighed all. Her information and deep thought on these points, have absolutely amazed me. I have found in her, young as she is, an able counsellor, a prompt, judicious adviser, and a most cheering comforter.'

Scott paused a moment when he had said this, as if hesitating to tell what was on his mind—but at length he turned to Lacy, saying, 'I have had one trial since you left us, of which, as yet, you know nothing. But it has been blessed to me. I believe it has resulted in a more unreserved consecration of myself to the service of my Lord and Master. How delightful is the thought that God *wills our happiness*, and that, although he sometimes leads us by a path which seems to threaten its extinction, he eventually provides for it in the very best way.'

Lacy looked earnestly at his friend, and then drawing him to a little shady, grassy hillock, where they both reclined, he said, 'I do not understand you, my dear Frederic; you do not mean———'

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Scott. I have parted from Emily N—— forever in this life.

Lacy gazed at his friend with a surprise and anxiety which fully told the shock his intelligence occasioned.

'You know,' said Frederic, 'with what delight I hastened home, and with what pleasure I anticipated a meeting with her, who for years has been so closely interwoven with my plans. I had not seen her since my determination to die on heathen land in Missionary toils; but I knew her heart was warm with love to dying souls, and that she would rejoice to spend and be spent for Christ, even among the perishing heathen. I had written her many times on the subject which was agitating my own mind—my duty to become a Missionary of the cross in preference to a simple minister of the gospel in my own land. Her replies were always expressive of her own willingness to labor on heathen ground, and an earnest desire that the Lord would direct my decision to that course which should most promote his own glory and my usefulness. This was exactly

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the spirit I wished to see, and I rejoiced that the Lord had granted me a companion in prospect, so anxious to *know* duty, and so willing for its performance, even though it involved sacrifices, self-denial and toil. In one letter, I remember, in connection with her own feelings, she delicately said, that her parents gave, as yet, little encouragement of their acquiescence in her leaving them for such an arduous life. But in the broad light and increasing belief of my duty thus to consecrate my future life and powers, I did not give this intimation perhaps as much thought as it required.

'The day after you left us found me, in the edge of the evening, within sight of the dwelling of my friend. Emily met me at the door with the same cordiality as ever; but there was a chill, as I thought, in her father's manner. Both the parents seemed to endeavor to treat me with their accustomed familiarity, but I felt the effort.

'No opportunity occurred for ascertaining the cause of this change, and I retired to rest that night with painful apprehensions.

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'Mr. N——, Emily and myself were alone in the parlor the next morning after breakfast when, for the first time since my arrival, he alluded to my change of purpose in the future course of my life. He asked me what led to the determination which I had at length formed?

'I told him various reasons had had their share in producing such a result. After an investigation into the spiritual necessities and claims of the heathen world upon christian benevolence, I was led to inquire *how far I* was required by duty to make sacrifices for their spiritual benefit. I was led by a course of providential dealing to feel that I had not met the extent of these requirements upon me till I had *subscribed myself* in their behalf.

'Mr. N—— inquired if I had no doubt respecting duty on this point; stated that there was still imperative need for more effort at home, and that I must not let a blind zeal, or enthusiasm guide me in a decision which involved such great self-denial and such vast sacrifices.

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'I told him I had importunately sought by prayer to be guided in the *path of duty*, wherever that was; that if I knew my own heart, I was not led in my choice by a blind partiality, or by romantic apprehensions of the nature of a Missionary's life. That I believed where there existed a sincere desire to *know* duty, God had promised a *plain path*, and that abundant testimony could be adduced, that he was always true to his word.

'Mr. N—— said he believed the Missionary life was often chosen and its duties entered upon without sufficient investigation, and with very indefinite ideas of the *realities* of such a life.

'I answered, that I had not the least doubt of that, and that often the self-devoted Missionary found himself entirely destitute of the requisite qualifications for the office he had chosen.

'Considerable conversation of a similar kind passed, and then came the *trial of my faith and purpose.*

'I observed it had been a great satisfac-

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tion to me, that Emily's views of a Missionary life so entirely coincided with my own.'

Mr. N—— colored. He said young ladies' notions were often romantic; that a Missionary life in prospect and in reality were two very different things. That in regard to his daughter, her education had been too tender and delicate for the arduous duties of such a life, and that he never could consent to her becoming a Missionary. 'Her mother feels on this subject,' said he, 'even more keenly than I do. She has given her leave to go, I believe, when she is in her grave.'

I looked at Emily as her father said this. Her face was of an ashy paleness, and her eyes were full of tears. She said not a word, nor did she venture even to cast her eyes upon me.'

'What answer did you make,' enquired Lacy.

Scott. Not the shadow of a reply. I could not. After a momentary pause in the conversation, Mr. N—— renewed it by saying,

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'when we gave our consent to your mutual engagement, it was under the impression, and with the understanding that you would settle in the ministry in your own country. Emily is our only daughter, and you can readily see, Mr. Scott, why our consent must be with-held.'

I replied that I knew it must be a *great sacrifice*, perhaps the greatest that he could be called upon to make. 'But you would give her up in a noble cause,' said I. 'The providence of God seems to *require* greater sacrifices from some individuals than others; he required of Abraham his only son. Allow me, Mr. N——, with deference, to state my views of the obligations of christians in this matter. We have given *ourselves* to the Lord. All that we have is received from the hand of God, and is justly God's. In the execution of his great and benevolent purposes to our fallen race, he condescends to make use of human instrumentality; and if he needs those treasures in this work which he has committed to our hands, whether our time, our money, our

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influence, our friends, or even our *own persons*, are we justified in refusing to comply with his reasonable demands? Shall we with-hold them on the plea that they will infringe on our comfort, or make inroads upon our personal enjoyment?

"We are not our own; for we are bought with a price."

'But all arguments, all alleged obligations were lost upon Mr. N——. He *would not* see it his duty to sacrifice a child on the altar of Foreign Missions, and he was firmly, yea, even obstinately determined that the heathen never should receive the Bread of Life through Emily's instrumentality.

'Every thing was equally fruitless with Mrs. N——.

'I had a long conversation with Emily alone. She manifested an admirable spirit; yet this very circumstance added one to the pangs it cost me to relinquish her. I knew not before, as I realize now, the value of the jewel I was compelled to forego. She frankly told me her heart was with the heathen. That she had no personal objection

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to the toil and endurance which a life among them comprehended. But she sweetly added, 'Providence for wise and holy reasons, which we shall read in eternity if not here, sees fit to deny me the privilege of personally laboring to save their souls. I could never go without my parents' blessing, or at least their consent.'

'Her father one day said to me in her presence, 'Mr. Scott, should you after all conclude to remain a herald of the gospel in our own beloved country, Emily is still yours.'

'Father,' said the young lady, with a benevolence that kindled in her eye, and actually illuminated her whole face, 'Mr. Scott feels that *the duty* he owes his God, and dying souls, calls him to the rescue of the heathen; for *the world* I would not be instrumental of his swerving from that path, or doing violence to the holy dicates of that conscientious principle which actuates his decision.'

'She told me that in her letters she had never fully stated their views and feelings in

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regard to my choice of future life, because she thought when I had frankly spread before them in person, my motives in going, they would feel their weight, and their reluctance would yield to a sense of duty.

'But Lacy, I feel it is all right. It has been a sore trial to me. I shall now go forth alone into the field; and yet not alone, if the Lord my God be with me.'

This remark was followed by a long pause. Lacy did not attempt to console his friend, but the warm pressure he gave Frederic's hand implied assurance that he deeply sympathized with him in this trial.

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CHAPTER V.

'I HAVE often been compelled lately,' said Frederic at length, 'to admit the justness of the views you entertained, and the course you pursued in college, relative to *early engagements.* I can *now* see the wisdom and the prudence of your opinions—though I used then to laugh heartily when you would say to us, who were so busy and earnest in matrimonial castle-building—that *you* intended yourself to remain the master of your own affections, and keep your heart in your own hands, at *least* till you were through college. The idea of self-control in this heart speculation, seemed to me utterly impracticable. Well would it have been for the spiritual interests of many of our classmates, had they deemed themselves as free-agents in love matters as in other things.—And to others of them, I know hours of perplexity, deep anxiety, and to some, *lives* of

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bitterness and mortification would have been saved.

There were Charles M., Joseph L., Lucius O. and William T., all of our class; you knew the history of their engagement?

Lacy. Not I: I never was the confidant of one of our number, in those matters. Even my chum, who was said to be deeply in love, would seek more interested and attentive ears than mine, when that theme was uppermost. *I* had no love tales of my *own* to tell, and it was therefore readily supposed I should have little sympathy in theirs.

Frederic. Well, I knew them all; I have watched their progress and marked their end with interest; and I now most heartily adopt your opinion on the subject—that it is the part of wisdom to remain free from all speculations or engagements of a matrimonial kind, during the season allotted to literary preparation for public life. Of ten of my class, now distinctly remembered, who had selected the partners of their future life, but one has married, or ever will marry the lady of his early choice; and

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even he told me, when standing, as it were, on the threshold of matrimony, that he must abide the consequences of his youthful folly; that had he waited, he might have done far better.

Lacy. Tell me of those you named.

Frederic. Well: Charles M. was my particular friend. He was young—a mere stripling; but you know he had fine native talents, and was regarded by the class as a young man of peculiar promise, and entitled to high hopes in literary life. In his freshman year he did well; he outstripped many a superior in years, and during the first half of the sophomore year, began to be regarded with rather a jealous eye by the most diligent and ambitious of the class. Vacation came—he went home, and returned to college, engaged! He felt a peculiar satisfaction in the thought that *this* important step was taken, and that he had shown the wisdom so early to mark out so *much* of the path of his future life, and to have been so judicious in the choice. He had not chosen a little young thing, with mind undisciplined—

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she was even older than himself by a few years—her education was completed—she could even write a better letter than himself, and in conversation he acknowledged her greatly his superior. Besides, though last not least, she was a pretty girl, the belle of the place—had had many a beau for many a year, but none was ever so favored as himself. Between his correspondence with her, and the numerous thoughts she engrossed, his time was divided. His literary progress was less alarming to his ambitious companions, and was less flattering to himself. But, at every vacation, he returned to his studies, less elated with the mental acquirements of his intended: for while he was still climbing the hill of science, she remained stationary; her mind was stored, and as it were set aside for use—while his was only *being* stored and grasping more. He had once been proud of her—she was now as proud of him; yet he felt her fondness to be no flattery. He was emerging from the shade into active life, his vision expanding, his heart enlarging, and his

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whole soul engrossed with the vastness and fulness of the world before him. She was still amid the retired scenes of life—the village of her birth, the world's boundary to her; and real life, as it daily passed before her in that circumscribed spot, the only true conception of the great realities in the world's bustle, that she had ever formed.

In every visit he made her, he learned the discrepancy of their views and feelings, and the utter incongeniality of their minds. Her youth was receding—her manners were fixed and unpolished—her habits of thinking were constrained and prejudiced—her views of things were bigoted and selfish; and before his second year in the study of law was closed, his feelings of entire dislike were so confirmed, that he left her with the simple excuse, that he found she was not *necessary to his future happiness*. The blow crushed her; and then was proved how *fatal* is sometimes the folly of an early, premature engagement. Joseph L——

Lacy. And where is he? not a lisp have I heard of him these two years.

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Frederic. He is reading law in W. He too was early engaged. Mary N. was his favorite school-mate; and when he left her for college-life, with all her young affections pledged him, she was a delicate, pretty girl of fifteen, simple and warm-hearted—her graceful, slender form just blooming into womanhood. Surrounded by rustic simplicity and uncouthness, she only seemed the more lovely, and was calculated to command the more admiration. Her parents were respectable, and in comfortable worldly circumstances; but they were unlettered, and knew not how to appreciate refinement—they valued not book-lore, and gentility and fashion were nothing to them. Yet they idolized Mary, not aware that a certain air of refinement and gentility was the very charm that added a tie to their partiality. Joseph dwelt with peculiar delight on the period when he should transplant his delicate Mary, in all her beauty and simplicity, to a situation more congenial. Three years elapsed before he saw her. He was far from her place of residence, and his pecuni-

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ary circumstances forbade frequent visits. Yet they corresponded, and with all the warmth of their parting hour, they contemplated meeting. To be sure, her letters betrayed a want of education, which he regretted; 'but it is her misfortune, not her fault,' he would say to himself. 'I will myself be her instructor; and with a strong desire to please, this deficiency will soon be supplied. She is delicate and beautiful in person, if not cultivated and refined in mind.' So he argued with himself, as he hastened once more to her father's dwelling. He pictured in his imagination the same childlike simplicity and gracefulness of manner which had charmed him, with the same delicate figure. He saw her and was shocked—and the chill in his manner quenched the only charm that three years had left—her warm-heartedness. He gazed at the change with feelings which he could not disguise. The delicate, graceful Mary he found transformed into a tall, bony, masculine woman—still fair in complexion, but retaining else, scarce a vestige of what she was. The poor girl

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most painfully felt the change in her friend's manner, but could not divine the cause. How could he marry such an awkward creature!

So he matured a plan to release himself from his unfortunate engagement. He took the old gentleman aside, and stated his conviction that Mary's present education was altogether insufficient for the station in which he intended to place her—was somewhat disappointed in finding she had, during his absence, been deprived of making that literary improvement he desired; and closed by requesting the father would immediately place her in some female seminary, where she might enjoy every advantage for intellectual improvement, and qualify herself for her future life. The father felt that learning was a needless thing, even could it be obtained without pecuniary effort; but making all allowance for the foolish whim of its necessity in his intended son-in-law's mind, and not doubting his sincerity, he carelessly inquired where he had better place her. Joseph named the most fash-

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ionable and expensive academy within his knowledge, stating the probable expense attending it, and stipulating the number of terms he wished her to attend. This had the desired effect. The enormity of the bill of expense in the father's mind, with his utter contempt for the intellectual good to be received in barter, kindled all his prejudices and avarice together; and with indignation he replied, that he never would waste one cent on any such unreasonable, extravagant, useless notion. 'Mary was good enough as she *was* for *any* man's wife.'

Mr. L. assumed the utmost calmness, and persisted in urging a compliance with his wish; but the old man was inexorable on the point, and the winding up of the affair was a declaration on the part of the young man, that unless such advantages were allowed Mary, as he deemed altogether indispensable to their future happiness, the connexion that had subsisted so long between them must forthwith be dissolved. And thus ended this projected matrimonial union.

Oh Lacy, with how much levity is this

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important connexion often formed, and with how little conscience or delicacy of feeling is it broken! Lucius O——, I suppose you have learned, is married.

Lacy. Yes, I know it; and cut short his studies to be married: what sort of a wife has he?

Frederic. She proves a thorn in his flesh. He, you know, was always a strong believer in the refined system of "sentimentalism." He "fell in love" with a pretty girl, unfortunately altogether unsuited to him and his office, and totally unqualified for the duties which her marriage with him involved. She was a spoiled, helpless beauty. Instead of affording him assistance after his premature settlement in the ministry by her active co-operation and prudent zeal, she gave way to ennui, and imagined she required the chief of his time and attention. His comfort and usefulness are extremely embarrassed by her monopolizing spirit. His people are dissatisfied, and he feels that his own prospects of happiness and usefulness are dark in the extreme. He might have foreseen

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the evil; others could read for him the utter ruin of his professional prospects from his indiscreet, juvenile engagement.

Lacy. The longer I live, the more am I penetrated with amazement at the haste and thoughtless indiscretion with which many christians take upon themselves the matrimonial contract. If there is any step in life in which caution, deliberation, and heavenly direction is indispensable, surely it is in this.

Scott. How bitterly has William T—, whom I named, lamented the inconsiderateness and rashness of *his* choice! His entire plans for future life and usefulness are embarrassed, and his mind is deeply harrowed by perplexity and doubts as to duty.

Lacy. I never could imagine how he became thus entangled; his lady, I understand, makes no pretensions to piety.

Frederic. I can tell you about that matter. Miss F. was a fine girl of T's acquaintance. Her intelligence, and simple, social manners rendered her society particularly pleasant; and he was thus induced to be

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frequent in his visits in her father's family, without the slightest idea of a matrimonial connexion. He also, after he entered college, held an epistolary correspondence with her, only on terms of special friendship, as many foolishly do. But however lightly *he* regarded these attentions, they were not so viewed by the friends of the young lady, or by impartial persons—*perhaps* not by herself. Such special friendships and particular attentions are extremely ensnaring, and I am compelled to think their indulgence is altogether improper, for I never saw *one* terminate happily to both parties concerned, and with the platonic indifference that characterized their commencement. Whenever T. was rallied on the nature of his friendship for Miss F. he always denied any serious thoughts of making her his wife—she was not even pious; it was therefore impossible. But as he became fully aware of the erroneous impressions on others, which such appearances of courtship always create, he found it no such easy or honorable a matter to extricate himself and terminate the ac-

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quaintance. His situation he found to be extremely embarrassing, and a retreat difficult, almost impossible; and so he became *engaged.*

Lacy. These special friendships—the interchange of letters under the familiar epithets of brother and sister, and those nameless little civilities and attentions which are so common in these days, and in fact, so unmeaning to those who understand them, seem in my view ridiculous, mean and wicked. Is it consistent with the holy simplicity of the christian character, to excite by our conduct expectations which we never intend should be realized, and ensnare those affections of the simple-hearted, which we have no intention of reciprocating?

And is it not the tendency of such a course to lead to such a conclusion?—Those ambiguous expressions of flattery or friendship—those unwearied civilities and untiring attentions, so often seen in the gallantry of the young christian professor, in his intercourse with ladies, how will they compare with the simplicity of the

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gospel's standard, "Let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay; for whatsoever cometh more than these, is evil."

Scott. From careful observation I have come to this result: When I see a pious student very assiduous in his attentions to ladies, always waiting upon them, and making them presents, I always set down to his account very little on the score of *piety*, and much on that of *vanity*. But to return to T.

Frederic. For a time he *appeared* to experience little uneasiness or embarrassment from his engagement to Miss F. He became worldly and deeply attached to her. She was, as I said, interesting, but wanted the 'one thing needful.' I suppose, if occasional whisperings from conscience censured the inconsistency of his conduct as a christian, he pacified himself with the hope that *he might* lead her to a knowledge of Christ—that others had made choice of irreligious wives, therefore he was not alone; and many other palliations as frivolous and vain as these. But in the revival which visited col-

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lege in our last year, he was humbled low before God by a sense of his wanderings from him, and the discrepancy between his life and professions. He became a changed man in feelings and conduct. He mourned his past unholy influence, and that he had been left of God to commit, prospectively, his life and usefulness to the hands of an enemy to God; to one so utterly indisposed and unqualified to afford him any aid in the promotion of his own spiritual interests, and those of a world lying in wickedness. And when his mind became exercised on the duties of christians to the perishing heathen, and the inquiry came up before him, shall *I* do any thing to save those benighted souls for whom Christ died? the answer that rose with chilling influence was the painful remembrance of his vows to her who cared for none of these things—the bitter recollection that he had "deeded" away, in a foolish and evil hour, a whole life of usefulness and effort, needed in his Master's service, to the simple promotion of the happiness of one who could not be a sharer with him in his be-

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nevolence to dying souls. Under such shackles, and such pledges which he had imposed upon himself, he must fold his hands in sinful indifference to the wants of sinners and a Saviour's dying commands. *She* could not go with him on an embassy of love to souls—her heart would refuse it; her qualifications would forbid it; and he could never be *received* as a Missionary to the heathen with such a dead weight on his soul and usefulness. Then came the question, shall I give up *her* and meet the reproaches and dishonor of wantonly ensnaring affections, and creating hopes only to blight and destroy—or shall I plunge into the world, bury myself in earthliness, forget the heathen and my vows to God, till I meet them at his bar, and Him on the withering judgment day? I have seen him walk his floor in agony, and most bitterly bewail the folly of meddling with matrimonial affairs so prematurely.

Lacy. If succeeding generations would but learn wisdom from the follies and regrets of those before them on these matters,

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how much misery and perplexity might be forestalled. How often have I looked cn those I loved with pity for their infatuation; they sowed to vanity, and must reap vexation of spirit. I have been an interested observer in these things. I have seen many unequally yoked together from juvenile indiscretion. The man of talent, of rising fame and influence, I have seen with a wife whom he had foolishly chosen in his boyish years, and of whom he was heartily ashamed. She was never formed for the sphere in which he was destined to move, and never could be made to fill the station properly. I have seen young men who had made an early choice and a premature alliance, after years of engagement to the supposed object of their affections, suddenly find themselves in love with another lady, having just ascertained they had never loved before! A most distressing dilemma this. Early engagements, I am fully convinced, when there is no expectation of marriage for many years, are extremely improvident, and long courtships are dangerous.

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How do I rejoice, indeed I am thankful, that God has restrained me so far from rash steps in this matter—the world is all before me, and though I may not be successful where I *choose*, I doubt not if I seek divine guidance, I shall be pointed at length to the wife, just fitted, all things considered, to make me most happy, and aid me most successfully in the life I have chosen; while had I chosen years ago, how little would have been my chance of happiness or satisfaction in my choice.

Scott replied, he had no doubt that his friend would be blessed in the marriage relation, 'for,' said he, 'you were always consistent; you never sowed *flirtation*, and you never will reap *disappointment and vexation*. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

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CHAPTER VI.

It is no matter of surprise, that during Lacy's stay in the Scott family, the two young ladies, Helen and Amelia, who were both interesting and attractive girls, and withal truly pious, should be regarded with peculiar scrutiny by a gentleman who was actually in search of a wife. The family regulations, as far as they came beneath the notice of our visitor, were viewed with great satisfaction and pleasure, because they seemed to be such as were highly calculated to promote individual comfort and happiness, always keeping the best good of the *soul* in view. *The sabbath* they remembered *to keep holy*. Few books were seen about on this day but the *Bible*, and indeed there were few of the family who did not seem to prefer the solitude of their chambers during these holy hours, and communion with the Invisible, to the more public parlor, and the

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sociability of the fireside below. A special watch seemed to be set, lest the *tongue* should offend by worldly conversation, or even unprofitable, general converse about the externals of religion. Every preparation that could be made on the day previous, to meet the necessary wants of the family, both as to food and dress, was made. Every member seemed to esteem it a privilege to resort to the house of God, and no one absented himself, except on occasions of sickness or necessity. And there were privileges of religious instruction at home, as well as in the church and the sabbath school.—The hour of prayer at night was made pleasant and profitable, both to the children and the other members of the family, by its serious, particular services. It was altogether a day of rest from worldly occupations and thoughts, and a day devoted to spiritual enjoyment.

Lacy was led sometimes to regret that no more frequent opportunities were allowed him for acquaintance with Helen. She seemed unlike the generality of young la-

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dies, who appear after the close of their school education to have nothing to do but to entertain the family-company, call and visit, and ramble, read newspapers, sing a little, and engage with their fingers in the making of some elegant finery that becomes old-fashioned, perhaps before it is finished, is of no use, and is thrown aside only when looked at occasionally, to recal the waste of hours and strength and thoughts. She always appeared engaged in a regular round of important, interesting duties; and Lacy was peculiarly gratified when those duties were of such a nature as to throw her in his society, and allow him an opportunity to become more acquainted with her character and views. It was not from an awkward bashfulness, and a peculiar kind of vanity which sometimes unjustly obtains the name of modest timidity, that her company was oftener desired than enjoyed; for she was extremely social, simple and frank in her manners. But she appeared to feel that she had no right to seek self-gratification alone; when she felt indolent and listless, she

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thought it was no reason why she should fold her hands and lounge on the sofa, and gape and chat away the time till she felt industrious; but she made an effort to conquer her listlessness by *trying to do something*, and often in the end was led to wonder that she had accomplished so much when she was *disposed* to do nothing.

Lacy was particularly pleased to find in Miss Scott so high a degree of *mental cultivation*. She had *read* much and *thought* much. She seemed to have disciplined her habits of thought as well as regulated her habits of action. Her reading had been profitable, systematic and extensive. It was evident from her manners, and the simplicity and good sense of her views of things, that she had not indulged herself in *novel reading*—that pernicious practice which has unfitted so many *for a life of real usefulness*.

Her daily movements seemed to say, "Remember how short my time is;" Psalm 89: 47. "To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." Eccl. 3: 1.

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As to her christian activity, she was unwearied. There was not a family within three miles of her destitute of a *Bible*. This she knew: for with her own hands she had, as Bible distributor, furnished the Word of God, where on inquiry she found it was wanting. She had, as monthly distributor of Tracts, also introduced many into the families in her district, and had had the happiness of knowing their saving effect in some cases. The little sabbath school scholar never passed her without doffing his hat with peculiar reverence; or if a little girl, her eye brightened with pleasure, and a smile told how dear she was to her heart. She knew every child in the village, and there was not an abode of poverty within her reach, whose door she had not entered. She had ministered to the sick and afflicted; the disheartened she had encouraged, and by her counsel she had assisted many, whom her kind feelings and frank manners had emboldened to impart to her their sorrows and perplexities.

Yet she had done all this and more, with-

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out ostentation, and it was far more acceptable in her noiseless, unobtrusive way. Lacy had learned these facts in his rambles. He loved children, and he loved to visit the poor; and as he entered one lowly dwelling after another, he was sure to hear the name of Helen Scott. One showed the Bible she had left there; and a smiling, rosy little girl begged him to look at the nice frock Miss Helen had cut for her with her own hands, basted and helped her mother to make.—One young house-keeper could tell how the good young lady had learned her to make this thing, to economize in that, and turn another to good account. One declared she was always anxious to have every thing in order when Miss Helen called, because if anything was particularly nice, she never failed to see it and praise it.

If a child, especially a sabbath school scholar, was sick in the neighborhood, she was sure to go and sit with the sufferer to amuse it, and perform some little office of kindness, which never was forgotten; and when the parent's heart was tender through

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anxiety for the child, she would take advantage of its susceptibility to impress some serious truth on the mind. Lacy was astonished, as he wandered from one cottage to another, to find *one* individual, and so youthful too, could exert so great an influence in such a variety of ways. This thought was producing a silent but powerful effect on his resolutions, in respect to the watchful exercise of his personal influence, when his attention was attracted by a neat little dwelling before him.

He stopped to admire and examine the flowers that were tastefully arranged within the front yard, and in the tall figure and peculiar features of the woman who was busied in watering them, he recognized Miss W., a pious maiden lady of great loquacity in the village, whom he had often seen at Mr. Scott's.

When she espied Lacy, she urged him to come in: was delighted with his notice of her neat little cottage, and was quite enthusiastic when talking of her flowers.

Lacy complimented her on the taste she

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had displayed in their selection and arrangement; but she said she could not appropriate his compliment to herself, for it was not her due; she was indebted both for her flowers and her taste to the same source—to the young ladies, Helen and Amelia Scott.

The very sound of the names seemed to suggest a favorite topic of conversation, and she began to entertain her visitor with a long detail of their virtues. Lacy was no unwilling listener, and she thus went on:

'They are fine young ladies, Mr. Lacy, I assure you. Miss Helen I think is just a sample of what every young christian ought to be—so good, so single-hearted, so benevolent. But I dare say, stranger as you are, you might not dream of half her worth, were you in the family a year. Her "left hand knoweth not what her right hand doeth," and yet there is scarce a soul in this village, who cannot tell you of a kind deed or a blessed word received from her.

'She is a blessing, sir, to the place. She is a better commentary on the I. Cor. 10: 31,

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than you will find in Scott or Henry, or among any of your great expounders of the Bible. She presents *herself* to the Lord, body and soul and all, a living sacrifice in active, every-day, hearty service in his cause. You will find no self-indulgence in *her* plan of living. It is not *self first* and then neighbor; but it is *God and my neighbor* first, and then self.' Here the good woman stopped to take breath, and Lacy said he was pleased to hear so good an account of his young acquaintance; it reflected honor upon her professions of attachment to her Redeemer.'

'She is, indeed, an honor to the church, and honors God in her daily life,' said Miss W. *She* lives by the day—*only a day at a* time. You know, Mr. Lacy, most christians live without a daily plan; they endeavor to do their duty in the main—to-day is much the same as yesterday, and to-morrow will be just so—no special obligations or special offorts to grow in grace one day more than another, or rather, so it seems to lookers-on. But Miss Helen lives as if every day was to be her last, and seems to try to

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feel and act as she ought to do, if that were actually the case.

'*She acts from sober deliberate principle*, which is more than we can say, Mr. Lacy, of many people in these times.

'I could tell you instances of her uprightness and self-denial, which I know would please you, and cause you to bless God that his grace was so manifest in so young a creature.'

Lacy was about to ask her to relate them, but there was no need, for the old lady had no notion of stopping till her favorite's excellences had been fully developed.

'Now we all know Miss Helen is handsome,' said the old lady; 'but I dare say, nobody ever ventured to *tell* her so. And she has been greatly admired; but it has always been a *respectful* admiration. Her prudence and sense of propriety are remarkable for her youth. *I never knew her to say or do a foolish thing*. (That is a trait for the *wife of a Missionary* worth remembering, thought Lacy.)

'Perhaps you don't know it, but many

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young ladies are coquettish,' continued Miss W.; 'that is, they like to be admired, and receive and encourage attentions from gentlemen for pure *vanity's sake.* Helen Scott was never such a girl. No gentleman would ever think of waiting upon her for the sake of *flirtation* any more than upon her grandmother. All her companions nearly are engaged; some have had their beaux for years.

'Emma Graham, who lives in that red house yonder, and has been quite a belle, though not half as pretty as Helen, was one day tying up a nosegay here, and I happened to overhear a little of their chat, as they stood together in the walk. I don't know what preceded, but Emma said, 'I don't believe, Helen, you'll ever be married, if you live to be as old as Methusaleh.'

'Why don't you?' asked Helen, smiling.

Emma. Because I don't think you ever had an *offer* of marriage in your life; you never even had a beau, as I know of,—and such things will *out.*

Helen. Well, you have guessed right. I

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never had either; and I hope I never shall have the former except from my husband, and then you see I'll have *both!*

Emma. But why do you never want a *beau?* It is amazing convenient to have a gallant.

Helen. Because it is infinitely more *respectable* to be gallanted by one's father or brother, or uncle.

Emma. Well, why are you so opposed to an *offer of marriage? That* seems queer. I verily think I have had a dozen, and I hope I shall have a dozen more before I am actually married.

Helen. Now *I* hope I never shall have but *one*, for two reasons. In the first place, it would cost me so much pain to be obliged to say *no;* and in the second, I should be rather *ashamed* of the fact, that I had had an offer of marriage from a man I would not marry.

Emma, (with much surprise.) *Ashamed of an offer of marriage!* Now *I* should be proud of it.

Helen. I believe where a lady knows she

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cannot reciprocate the sentiments she has reason to believe exist in the mind of a gentleman toward her, she can usually *avoid* their declaration. If she allows an avowal to be made under such circumstances, she must generally set it down to *vanity* or *imprudence*.

Now as to *beaux*, I look upon them as a very serious disadvantage to a young lady. Do you think her husband would *respect* her any the more because she had had forty beaux and forty offers of marriage before she married him? Make the case your own. Would you *love* your husband any the more because he had been a beau to several ladies before he offered himself to you, and had been jilted ten or a dozen times? Would you like to be his twelfth love?

When I see a gentleman always in love with somebody or other, and gallanting this or that lady about, I think what a foolish, weak, vain fellow he must be. And when I see a lady always hanging on the arm of a *beau*, I pity her, because she has *so little self-respect*.

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'But after all,' continued Miss W., 'Miss Scott has had an offer of marriage within the year.'

Lacy's countenance fell so manifestly, that the old lady could not but perceive the change, and made an apology because she had wearied him by her long talk.

He told her she had not in the least. 'Not at all,' added he, with an emphasis which seemed to demand further particulars.

And Miss W. went on. 'The gentleman was Mr. L., a lawyer of fine talents, and lately become heir to great wealth. He is as fine a man as you ever looked on. So rich, too. And he was completely *captivated* with Miss Helen.'

Lacy became very uneasy.

Miss W. He applied to her father. Mr. Scott gave him very little encouragement, but said his daughter must act for herself. The fact of his attachment became known, and the neighborhood were full of the matter—rejoiced that Miss Helen, their idol, was to make out so well and be such a fine lady; they made all necessary arrangements

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in their tea-table talk, and seemed vastly more impatient to bring the thing to a final determination, than did even the parties themselves.

Lacy rose and carelessly walked to the window, without any particular interest, apparently, in the last remarks.

'Then she will marry him,' said he, with an air of indifference.

'Oh, no indeed, I was going to say,' replied Miss W.; 'the wealth of the Indies would not tempt Miss Scott to marry a man who was not pious.

'Mere worldly considerations would never be sufficient to induce her to swerve from the path of duty. And you know no christian can enter into such an alliance with an unbeliever, without violating his covenant obligations to his Saviour—without bringing leanness and deadness into his own soul, and fearfully jeopardizing its interests for eternity. I am persuaded Miss Scott would never marry even "*in the Lord*" with the thoughtlessness often manifested by young people. The step, in her view, is exceedingly

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responsible. She is shocked to see its duties assumed with haste, levity, or inconsiderateness.

'*Her* path to the altar would be in tears and in prayer—with earnest heart-liftings to the Giver of all, for the grace and wisdom which are indispensably necessary to sweeten and bless the relation. The thoughtless might laugh at Helen's solemnity, and scoff at her secret tears—and yet, although I was never married myself, I can readily conceive that such must be the feelings of the more prayerful, humble christian.

'It is a step that cannot be retrieved; far better is it to examine well the *buts* and *ifs* beforehand, and throw them to the winds, perchance as idle weeds, or remain contented where we are, than blind our eyes and minds till the fearful die is cast, and find to our lasting sorrow that we have chosen a path beset with thorns.'

'I should think from your description, Miss Helen might make a very good *Missionary's* wife,' said Lacy carelessly.

Miss W. Yes, that she would indeed; she

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is so *humble*, so *cheerful*, so *active* and so *prayerful*—four very needful qualifications in a successful Missionary. She is *humble*; if made prominent, she would not be lifted up with pride and self-complacency; or if neglected and removed to the back-ground, she would not manifest envy or jealousy. No matter whether Miss Scott is a subordinate or a chief, if placed in that capacity in which her Master 'will be most glorified, and more souls saved. Yes, I think, Mr. Lacy, now you have mentioned it, she would be a very valuable acquisition to any mission on the globe.

'And such letters as she can write! You can see into and through every thing she describes. She would do more, I dare say, for the cause of missions, by her simple, matter-of-fact letters, than some christians do by the whole tenor of their lives.

'Do you think, Mr. Lacy, when Missionaries' wives provide well for the bodily wants of their families, that they have done all

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they can do, or that should be expected from them? *I* don't.

I rejoice when I read of this female Missionary and that, whose heart the Lord opens to call around her the poor little heathen immortals who are suffering for lack of knowledge. I feel that such work will tell in eternity. And when I read some of the *private letters* of female Missionaries, written without effort, and with deep emotion, and my own heart melts and *resolves* good for Zion, I wish I could whisper in the intensity of my feeling to every sister on mission ground, Write, write, write! You can kindle the flame of benevolent energy throughout the villages of your country, if you will but speak the word and stir up the mind by way of remembrance. I do not mean, Mr. Lacy, that our Missionary ladies are to write for the public journals. No; let their husbands labor in that field of effort, and do far more than they have ever yet done. Their letters are often too *general*, and it is evident Missionaries think too lightly of this department of effort to accomplish

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much for Zion. I hope they will look on this subject in a different light one day.

"But let me take the wife of one of our Missionaries as an example of what I mean. She leaves a large, energetic circle of christians, deeply interested in her and her future destiny. For a time the glow of feeling remains. She lives in their memory, in their prayers, and in their particular efforts for her mission. But she says, when she leaves her native land, "Be sure now, not to *show* any of my letters. I will write often minutely, if you will *solemnly promise* never to let any thing I write go to the press, or be circulated in any way. I do not wish to appear so publicly. Only on such conditions, will I allow myself to write you often and particularly." And so her friends *promise*. By and by a letter comes—full, overflowing—and as their own hearts melt at the desolations described, and kindle into new zeal for the honor of the Lord God of Hosts, they say among themselves, how much good this letter might do by enlightening and waking up christians indifferent to the cause of mis-

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sions—but then you know we must keep it all to ourselves; we promised we would not show her communications—if we should break our engagement, she would never write again. Now I think no Missionary, who has given *herself* up to the work of the Lord, and *her labors* to promote more effectually the welfare of the heathen, has any right to such an exclusive use of *her pen*. If she can more promote the cause of benevolence in that way than any other, why should she withhold her influence? *There is no other way* in which she can exert a more direct influence on her christian friends in her native land, than by epistolary correspondence. Who can tell the vast amount of good that might result from frequent communications from one they dearly loved in the midst of heathenism and wretchedness? Should she write to the children in her sabbath school, how would their young hearts glow, and perhaps lives of benevolent action might be insured for the heathen. She could write to her pastor and his wife, and the sabbath day would witness pleadings in their behalf

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and deep felt interest might ensue among his pious flock. She could communicate occasionally with leaders in Female Charitable societies, with whom she was once acquainted, and add new stimulus to their efforts, and new energy to their prayers. How many little fires on the altar of Foreign Missions might she successively kindle, till the whole region would glow with love and piety, life and zeal for the perishing.'

Miss W. in this digression seemed either to lose sight of the young lady in question, or to have caught a glimpse of some new train of thought, and the subject of conversation was changed. Some of her remarks were profitable, but we will not here detail them.

Lady returned with his heart full, and his thoughts busy. We will not too curiously pry into either. But, in his kindling eye, his air of abstractedness from surrounding objects, and an occasional serious glance upward, you might read of new purposes, new feelings, and an earnest desire, that

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however *he* might devise his way, the *Lord* would direct his steps.

* * * * * * *

When the distant twinkling of the Lamp of Life is discerned amid the beautiful Islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and the banner of the Captain of our Salvation is unfurled there, and the songs of the redeemed are heard to go up from heathen lips, we shall hear again from Helen Scott.

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MISSIONARY HYMN.

1. Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connexions, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2. Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! indeed I love thee!
Can I—can I say—*Farewell!*
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4. Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well!

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Far away, ye billows, bear me!
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5. In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!—
Let me hasten—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6. Bear me on, thou restless Ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land! farewell—farewell!

* * * * * * * *

Land of our birth!—we may not stay
The fondness of our hearts to tell;
Friends of our youth!—we will not say
How deep within our souls ye dwell:—

But when the dead, both small and great,
Shall stand before the Judge's seat,
When sea, and sky, and earthly state,
All like a baseless vision fleet,—

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The hope that then some heathen eye,
Through us, an angel's glance may raise,
Bids us to vanquish nature's tie,
And turn her parting tear to praise.

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